BATMAN
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Detective COMICS

BATMAN
and ROBIN
FACE THE CLAWS
of the
CATWOMAN
in
"THE
BLACK CAT
CRIMES!"

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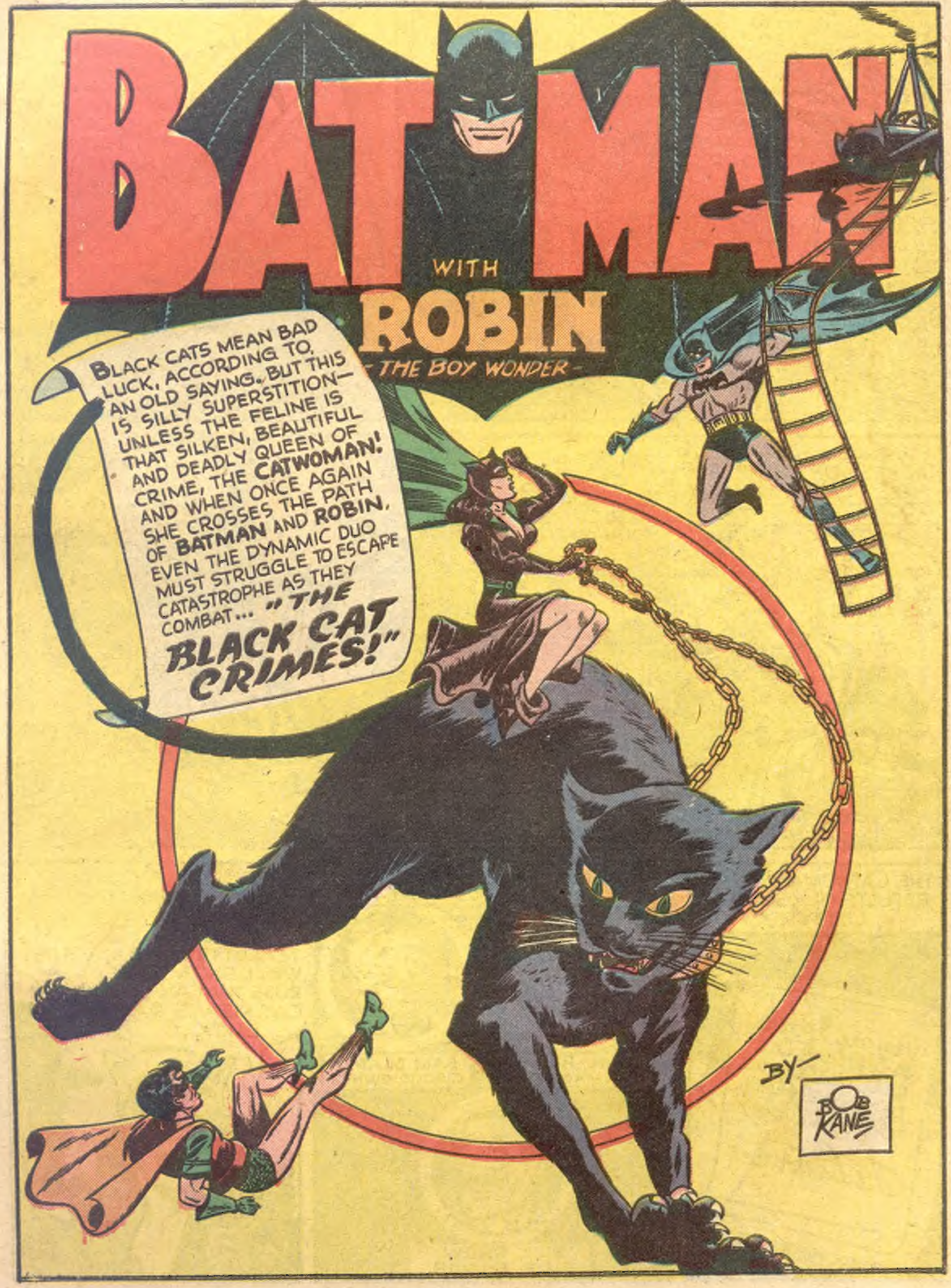
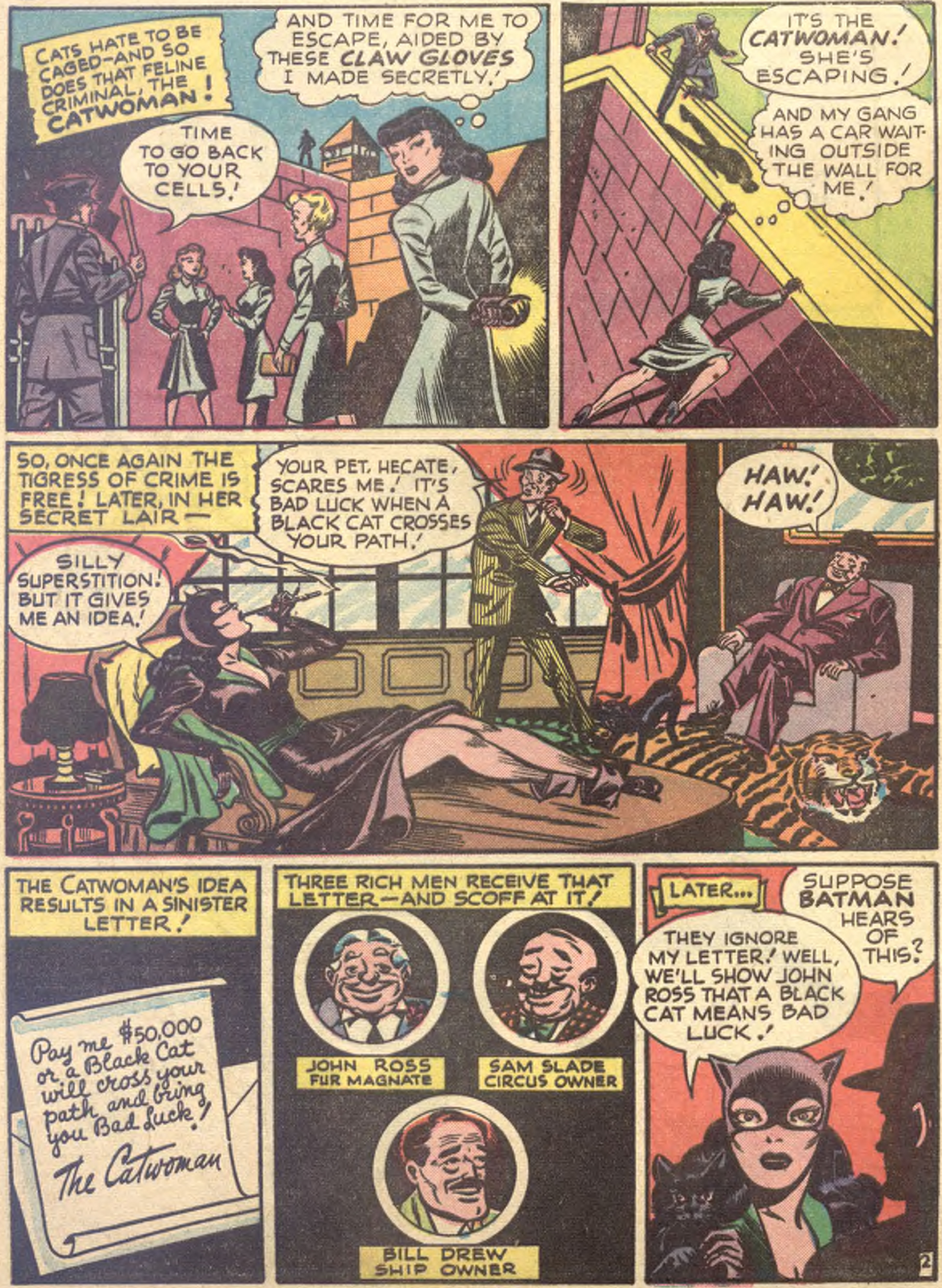
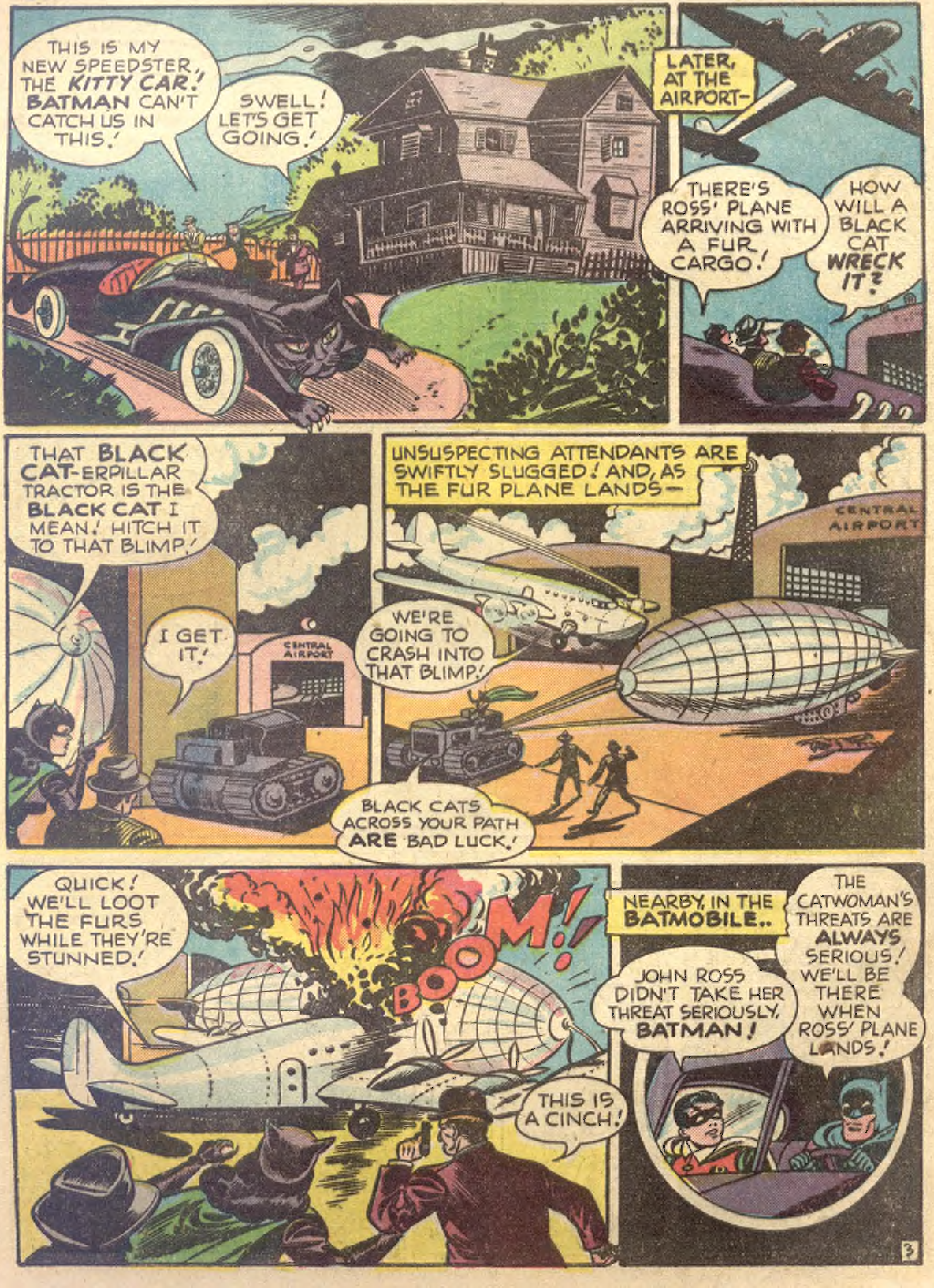
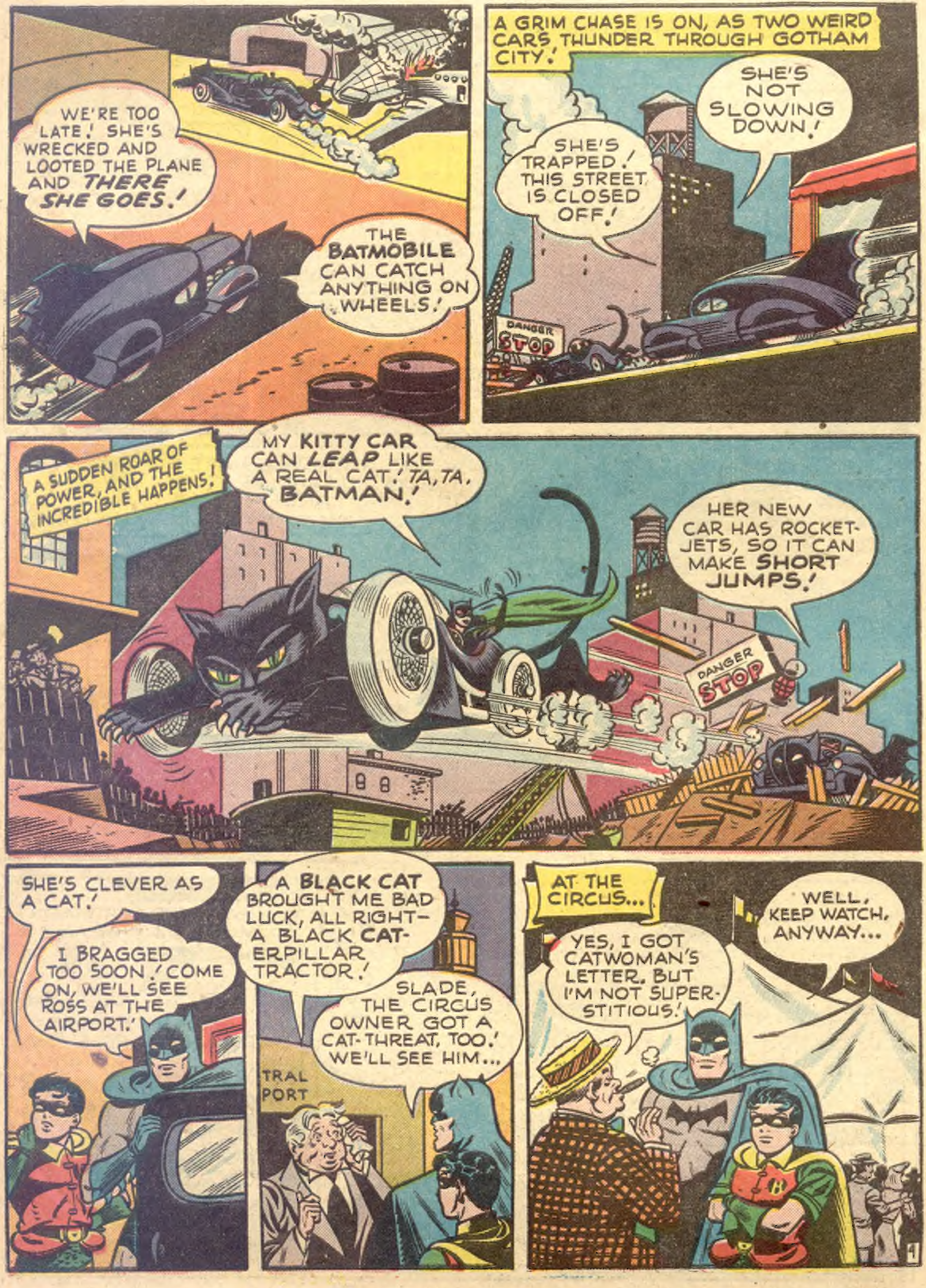
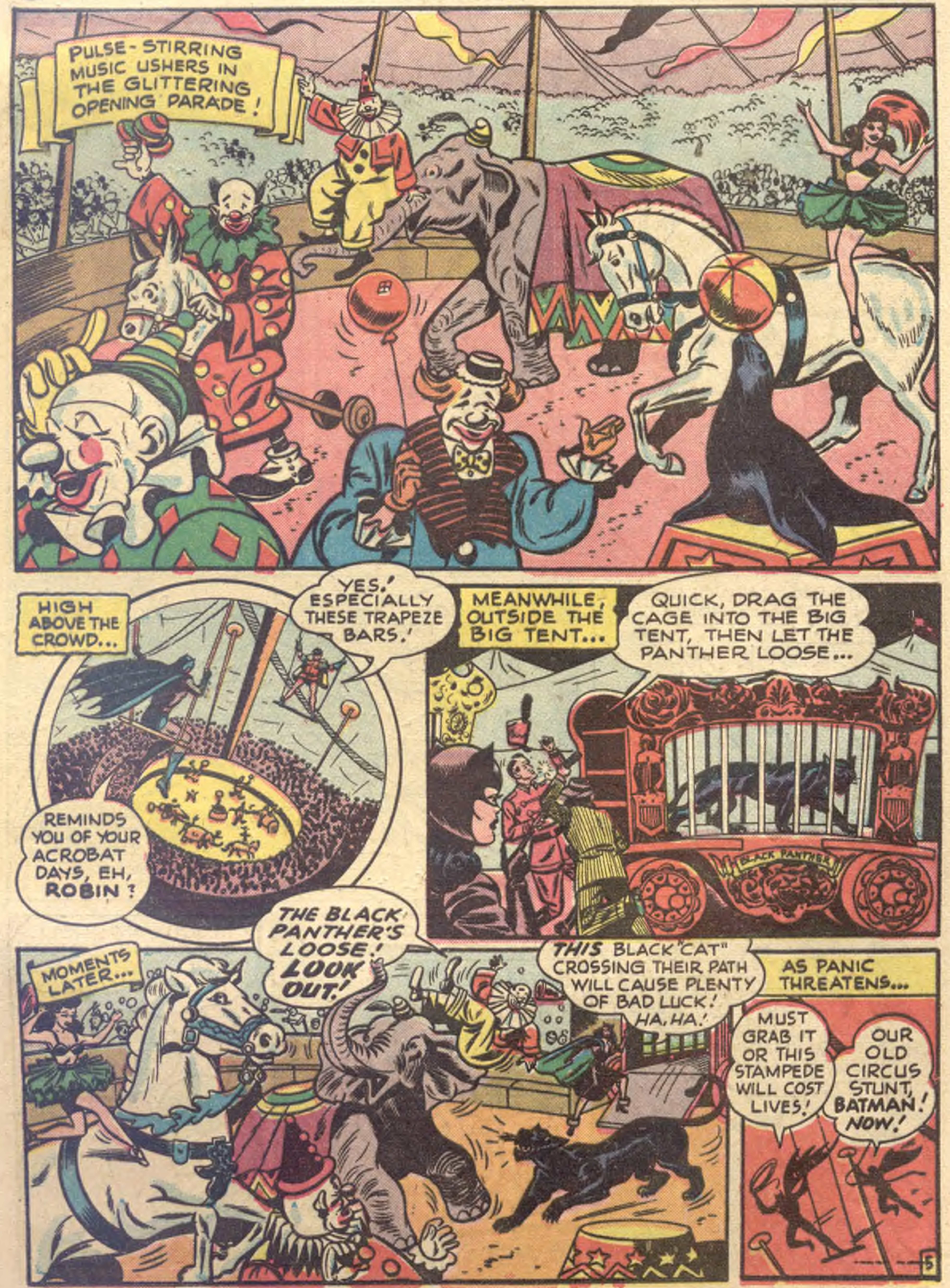
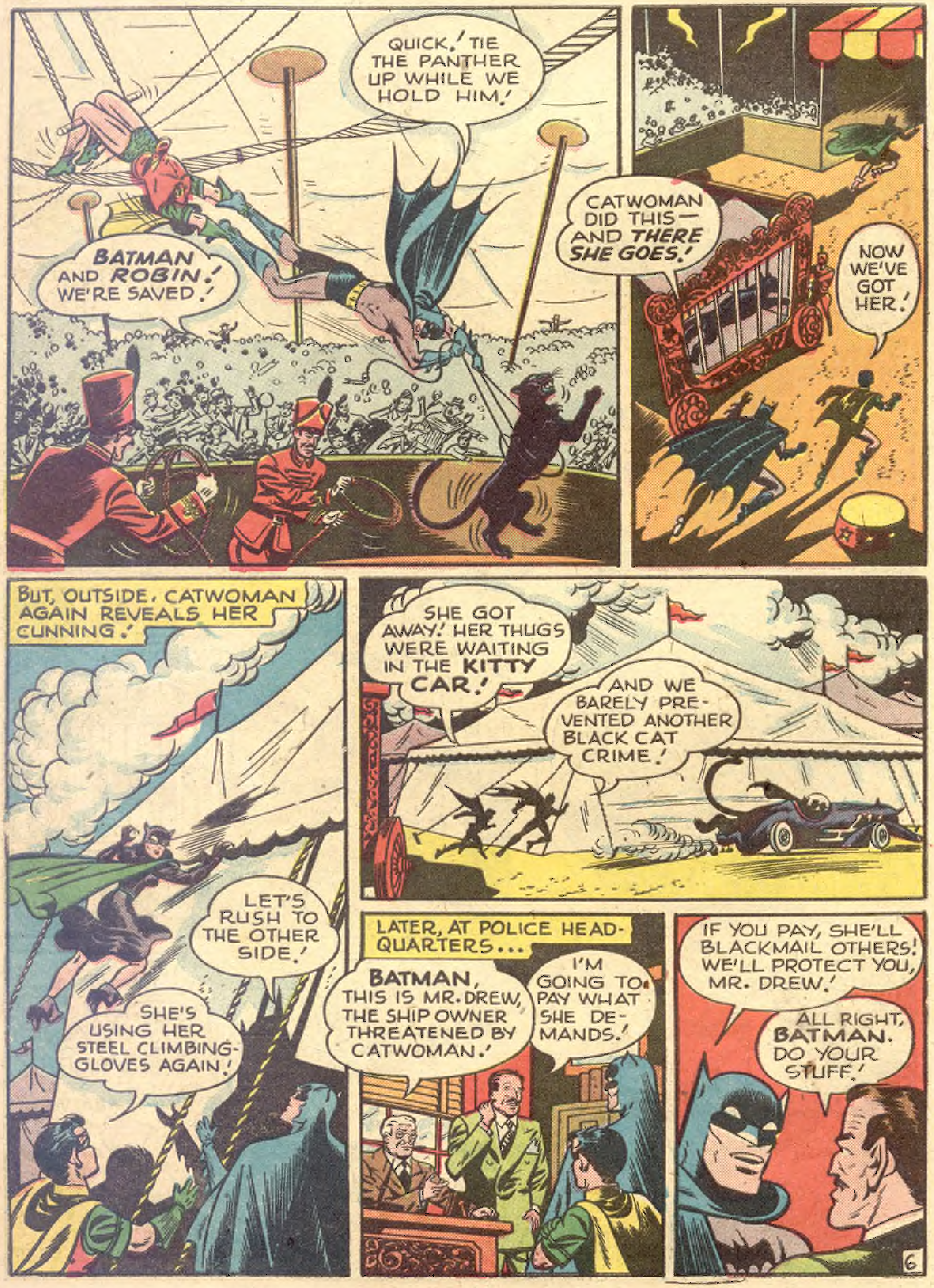

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -
BLACK CATS MEAN BAD LUCK, ACCORDING TO AN OLD SAYING. BUT THIS IS SILLY SUPERSTITION— UNLESS THE FELINE IS THAT SILKEN, BEAUTIFUL AND DEADLY QUEEN OF CRIME, THE CATWOMAN! AND WHEN ONCE AGAIN SHE CROSSES THE PATH OF BATMAN AND ROBIN, EVEN THE DYNAMIC DUO MUST STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE CATASTROPHE AS THEY COMBAT... "THE BLACK CAT CRIMES!"
BY—
BOB KANE

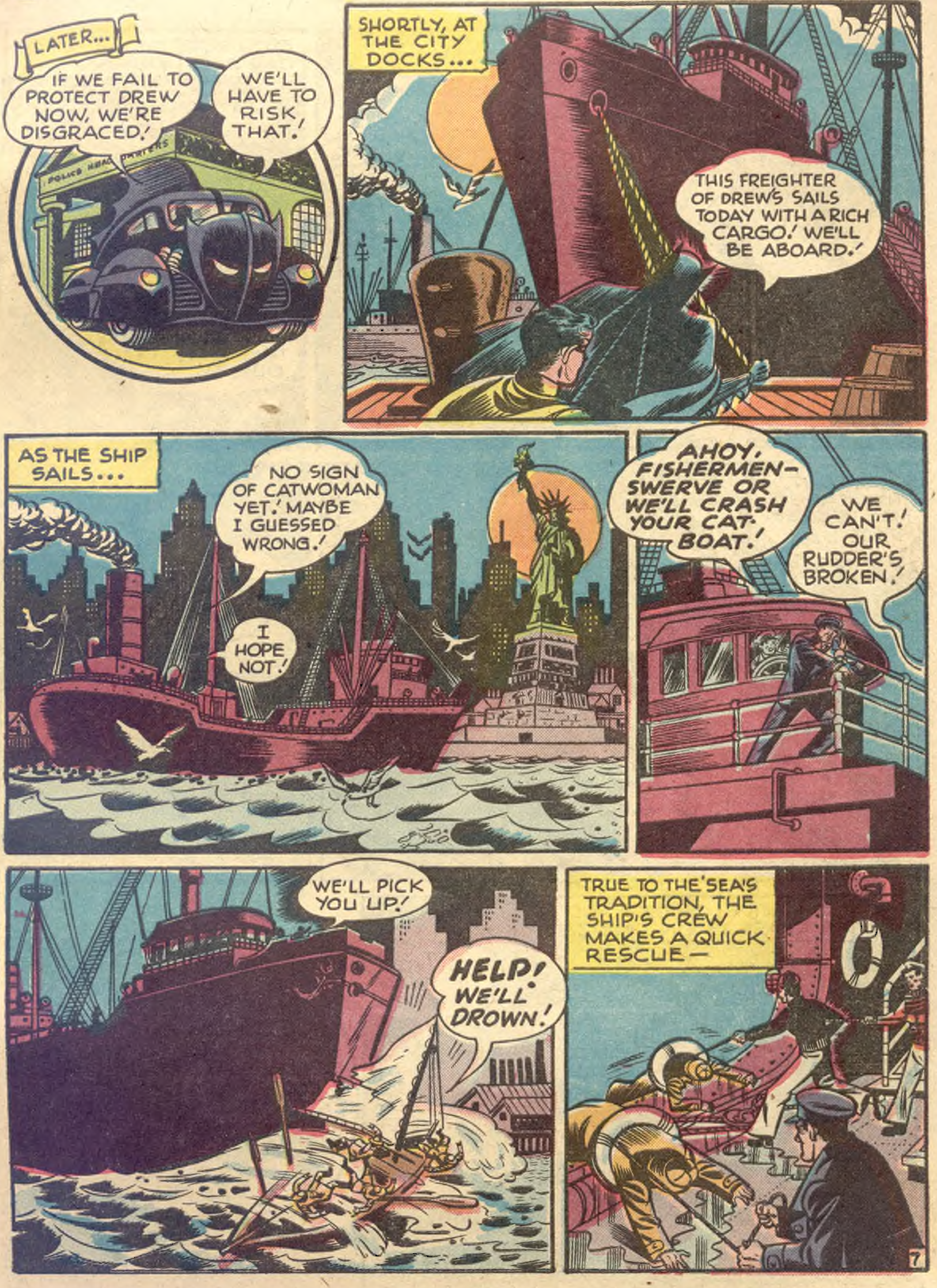

CATS HATE TO BE CAGED—AND SO DOES THAT FELINE CRIMINAL, THE CATWOMAN!
AND TIME FOR ME TO ESCAPE, AIDED BY THESE CLAW GLOVES I MADE SECRETLY!
TIME TO GO BACK TO YOUR CELLS!
IT'S THE CATWOMAN! SHE'S ESCAPING!
AND MY GANG HAS A CAR WAITING OUTSIDE THE WALL FOR ME!
SO, ONCE AGAIN THE TIGRESS OF CRIME IS FREE! LATER, IN HER SECRET LAIR—
YOUR PET, HECATE, SCARES ME! IT'S BAD LUCK WHEN A BLACK CAT CROSSES YOUR PATH!
HAW! HAW!
SILLY SUPERSTITION! BUT IT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
THE CATWOMAN'S IDEA RESULTS IN A SINISTER LETTER!
Pay me $50,000 or a Black Cat will cross your path and bring you Bad Luck!
The Catwoman
THREE RICH MEN RECEIVE THAT LETTER—AND SCOFF AT IT!
JOHN ROSS FUR MAGNATE
SAM SLADE CIRCUS OWNER
BILL DREW SHIP OWNER
LATER...
SUPPOSE BATMAN HEARS OF THIS?
THEY IGNORE MY LETTER! WELL, WE'LL SHOW JOHN ROSS THAT A BLACK CAT MEANS BAD LUCK!

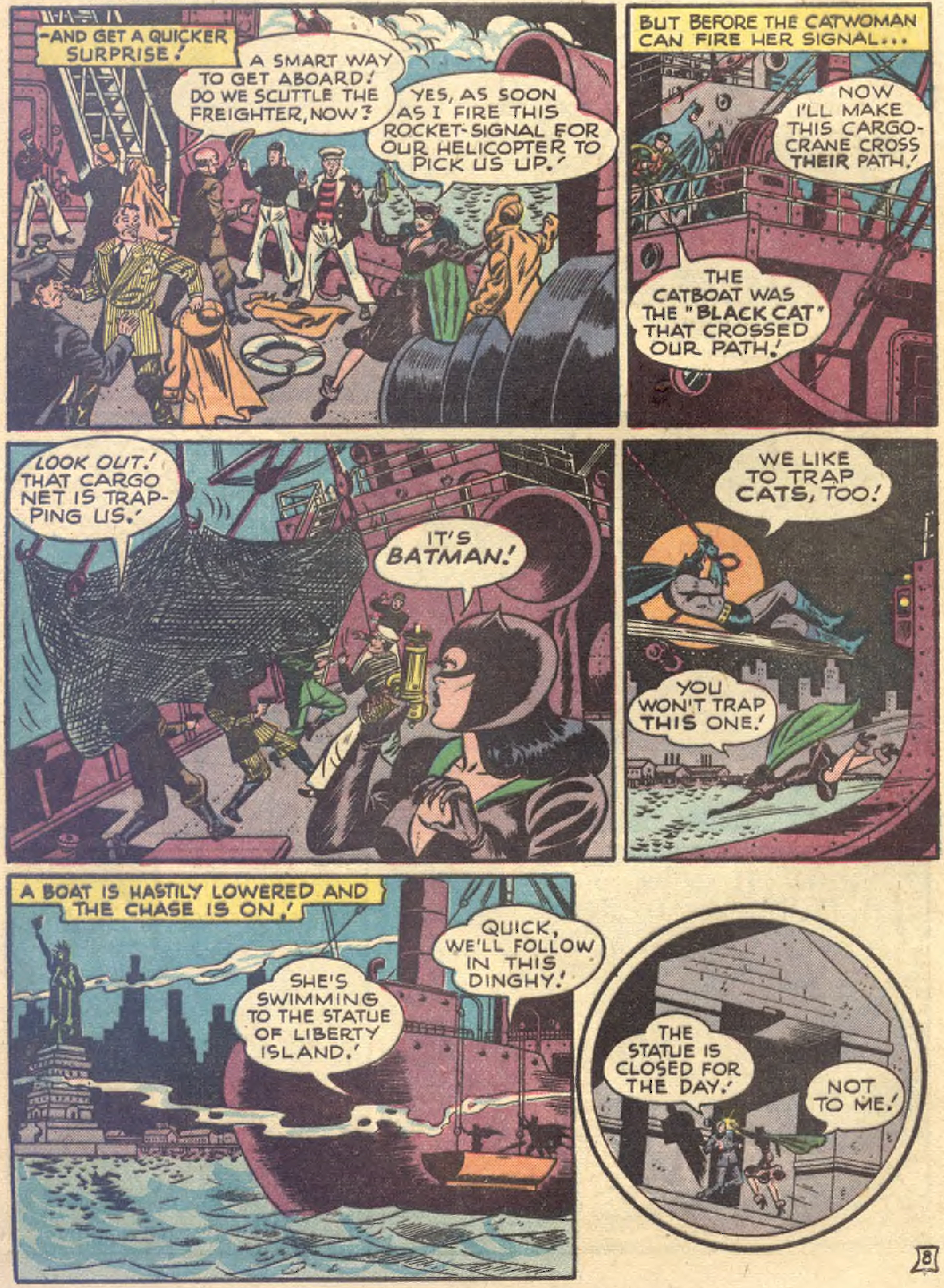

THIS IS MY NEW SPEEDSTER, THE KITTY CAR! BATMAN CAN'T CATCH US IN THIS!
SWELL! LET'S GET GOING!
LATER, AT THE AIRPORT—
THERE'S ROSS' PLANE ARRIVING WITH A FUR CARGO!
HOW WILL A BLACK CAT WRECK IT?
THAT BLACK CAT-ERPILLAR TRACTOR IS THE BLACK CAT I MEAN! HITCH IT TO THAT BLIMP!
I GET IT!
CENTRAL AIRPORT
UNSUSPECTING ATTENDANTS ARE SWIFTLY SLUGGED! AND, AS THE FUR PLANE LANDS—
CENTRAL AIRPORT
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH INTO THAT BLIMP!
BLACK CATS ACROSS YOUR PATH ARE BAD LUCK!
QUICK! WE'LL LOOT THE FURS WHILE THEY'RE STUNNED!
BOOOM!!
THIS IS A CINCH!
NEARBY, IN THE BATMOBILE..
JOHN ROSS DIDN'T TAKE HER THREAT SERIOUSLY, BATMAN!
THE CATWOMAN'S THREATS ARE ALWAYS SERIOUS! WE'LL BE THERE WHEN ROSS' PLANE LANDS!
3

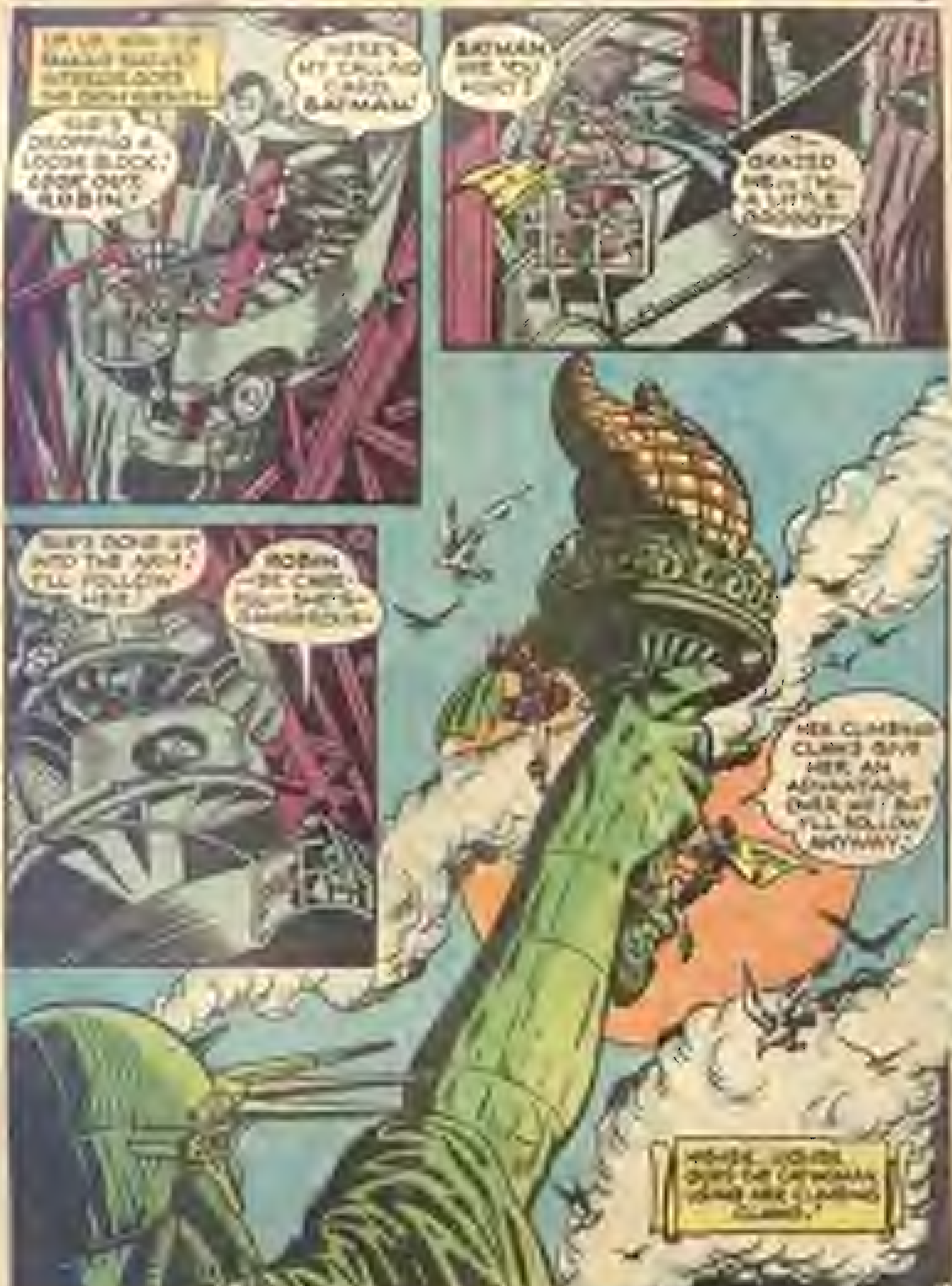

WE'RE TOO LATE! SHE'S WRECKED AND LOOTED THE PLANE AND THERE SHE GOES!
THE BATMOBILE CAN CATCH ANYTHING ON WHEELS!
A GRIM CHASE IS ON, AS TWO WEIRD CARS THUNDER THROUGH GOTHAM CITY!
SHE'S NOT SLOWING DOWN!
SHE'S TRAPPED! THIS STREET IS CLOSED OFF!
DANGER STOP
A SUDDEN ROAR OF POWER, AND THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENS!
MY KITTY CAR CAN LEAP LIKE A REAL CAT! TA, TA, BATMAN!
HER NEW CAR HAS ROCKET-JETS, SO IT CAN MAKE SHORT JUMPS!
DANGER STOP
SHE'S CLEVER AS A CAT!
I BRAGGED TOO SOON! COME ON, WE'LL SEE ROSS AT THE AIRPORT!
A BLACK CAT BROUGHT ME BAD LUCK, ALL RIGHT— A BLACK CAT-ERPILLAR TRACTOR!
SLADE, THE CIRCUS OWNER GOT A CAT-THREAT, TOO! WE'LL SEE HIM...
TRAL PORT
AT THE CIRCUS...
WELL, KEEP WATCH, ANYWAY...
YES, I GOT CATWOMAN'S LETTER. BUT I'M NOT SUPER-STITIOUS!

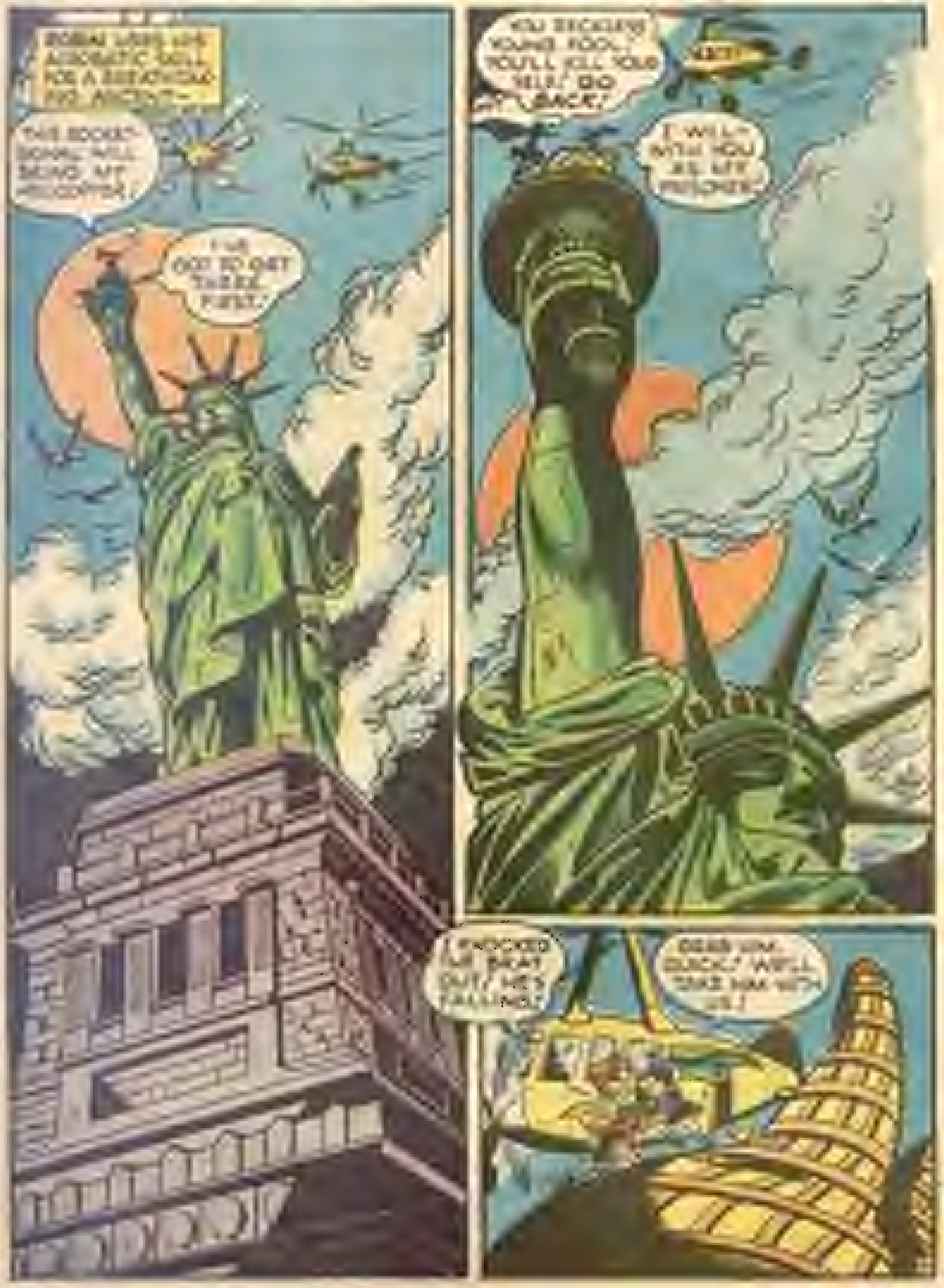

PULSE-STIRRING MUSIC USHERS IN THE GLITTERING OPENING PARADE!
HIGH ABOVE THE CROWD...
REMINDS YOU OF YOUR ACROBAT DAYS, EH, ROBIN?
YES! ESPECIALLY THESE TRAPEZE BARS!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE BIG TENT...
QUICK, DRAG THE CAGE INTO THE BIG TENT, THEN LET THE PANTHER LOOSE...
BLACK PANTHER
MOMENTS LATER...
THE BLACK PANTHER'S LOOSE! LOOK OUT!
THIS BLACK "CAT" CROSSING THEIR PATH WILL CAUSE PLENTY OF BAD LUCK! HA, HA!
AS PANIC THREATENS...
MUST GRAB IT OR THIS STAMPEDE WILL COST LIVES!
OUR OLD CIRCUS STUNT, BATMAN! NOW!

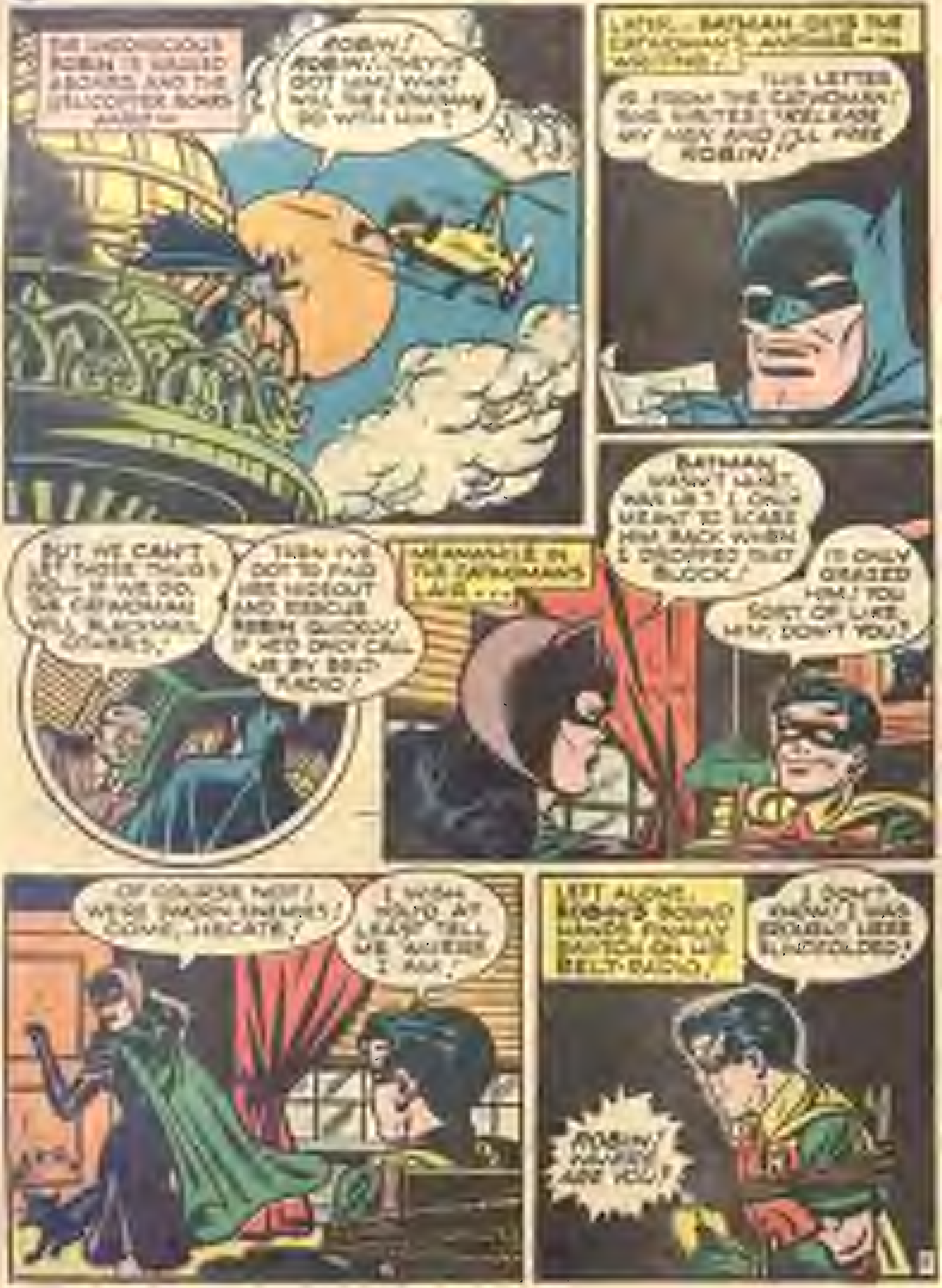

QUICK! TIE THE PANTHER UP WHILE WE HOLD HIM!
BATMAN AND ROBIN! WE'RE SAVED!
CATWOMAN DID THIS— AND THERE SHE GOES!
NOW WE'VE GOT HER!
BUT, OUTSIDE, CATWOMAN AGAIN REVEALS HER CUNNING!
LET'S RUSH TO THE OTHER SIDE!
SHE'S USING HER STEEL CLIMBING-GLOVES AGAIN!
SHE GOT AWAY! HER THUGS WERE WAITING IN THE KITTY CAR!
AND WE BARELY PREVENTED ANOTHER BLACK CAT CRIME!
LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
BATMAN, THIS IS MR. DREW, THE SHIP OWNER THREATENED BY CATWOMAN!
I'M GOING TO PAY WHAT SHE DEMANDS!
IF YOU PAY, SHE'LL BLACKMAIL OTHERS! WE'LL PROTECT YOU, MR. DREW!
ALL RIGHT, BATMAN. DO YOUR STUFF!

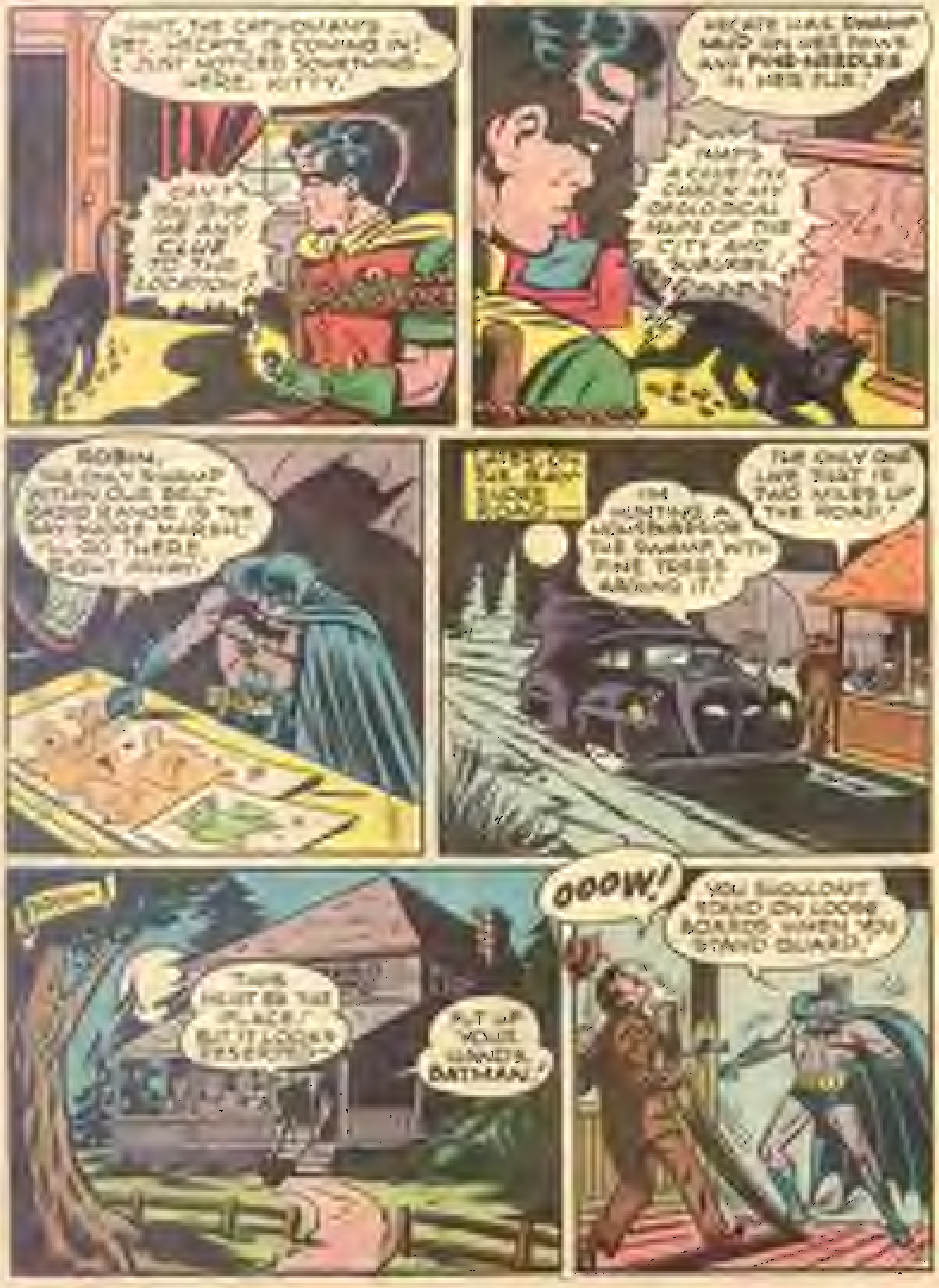

LATER...
IF WE FAIL TO PROTECT DREW NOW, WE'RE DISGRACED!
WE'LL HAVE TO RISK, THAT!
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
SHORTLY, AT THE CITY DOCKS...
THIS FREIGHTER OF DREW'S SAILS TODAY WITH A RICH CARGO! WE'LL BE ABOARD!
AS THE SHIP SAILS...
NO SIGN OF CATWOMAN YET! MAYBE I GUESSED WRONG!
I HOPE NOT!
AHOY, FISHERMEN— SWERVE OR WE'LL CRASH YOUR CAT-BOAT!
WE CAN'T! OUR RUDDER'S BROKEN!
WE'LL PICK YOU UP!
HELP! WE'LL DROWN!
TRUE TO THE SEA'S TRADITION, THE SHIP'S CREW MAKES A QUICK RESCUE—

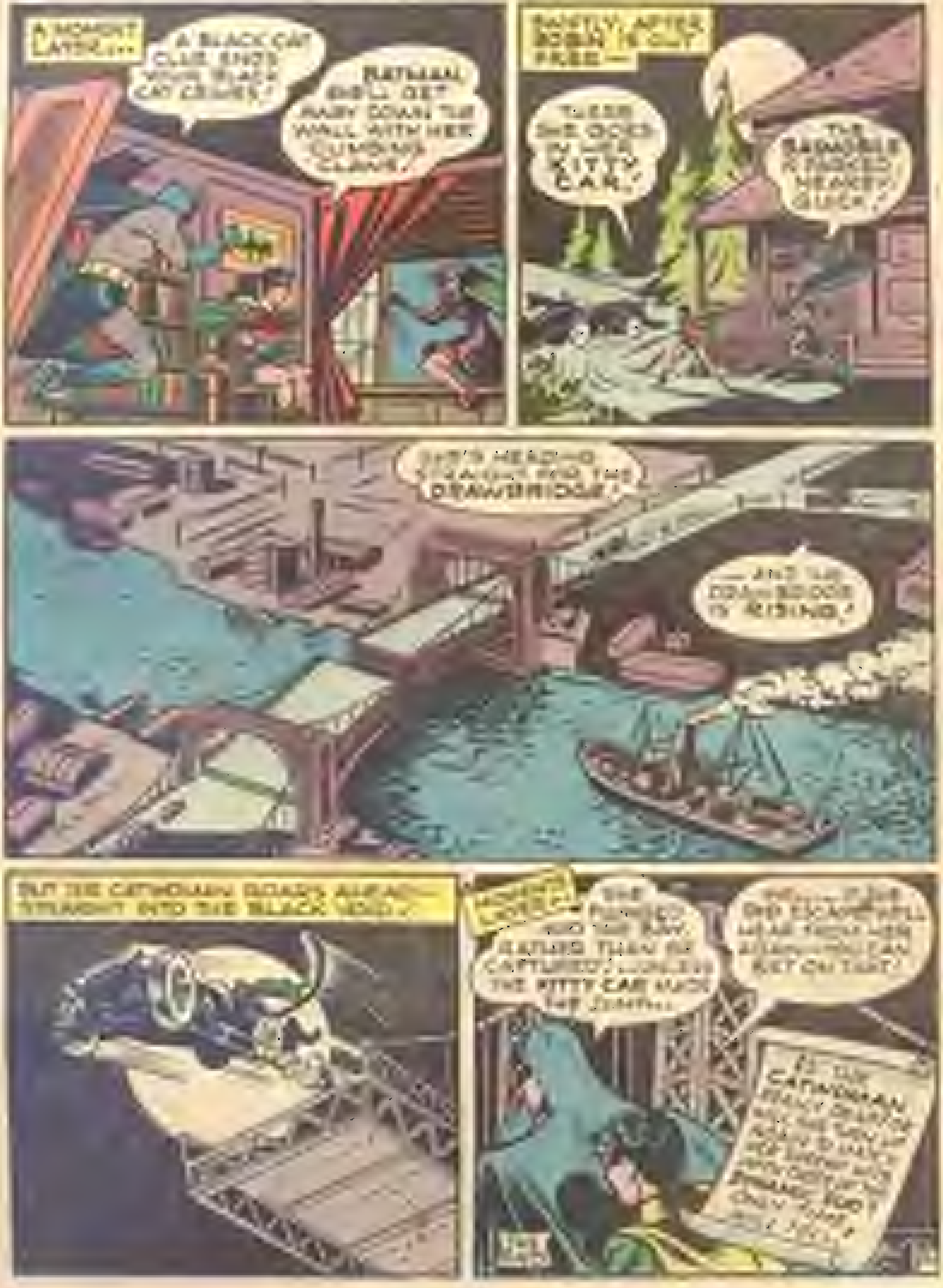

-AND GET A QUICKER SURPRISE!
A SMART WAY TO GET ABOARD! DO WE SCUTTLE THE FREIGHTER, NOW?
YES, AS SOON AS I FIRE THIS ROCKET-SIGNAL FOR OUR HELICOPTER TO PICK US UP.'
BUT BEFORE THE CATWOMAN CAN FIRE HER SIGNAL...
NOW I'LL MAKE THIS CARGO-CRANE CROSS THEIR PATH!
THE CATBOAT WAS THE "BLACK CAT" THAT CROSSED OUR PATH!
LOOK OUT! THAT CARGO NET IS TRAPPING US!
IT'S BATMAN!
WE LIKE TO TRAP CATS, TOO!
YOU WON'T TRAP THIS ONE!
A BOAT IS HASTILY LOWERED AND THE CHASE IS ON!
QUICK, WE'LL FOLLOW IN THIS DINGHY!
SHE'S SWIMMING TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY ISLAND.'
THE STATUE IS CLOSED FOR THE DAY.'
NOT TO ME!


UP, UP, [illegible]
HERE'S MY CALLING CARD, BATMAN!
SHE'S DROPPING A LOOSE BLOCK! LOOK OUT, ROBIN!
BATMAN, ARE YOU HURT?
GRAZED ME... A LITTLE [illegible]
SHE'S GONE UP INTO THE ARM! I'LL FOLLOW HER!
ROBIN -- BE CAREFUL! THAT'S DANGEROUS!
HER CLIMBING CLAWS GIVE HER AN ADVANTAGE OVER ME! BUT I'LL FOLLOW ANYWAY!
HIGHER, HIGHER, GOES THE CATWOMAN USING HER CLIMBING CLAWS...

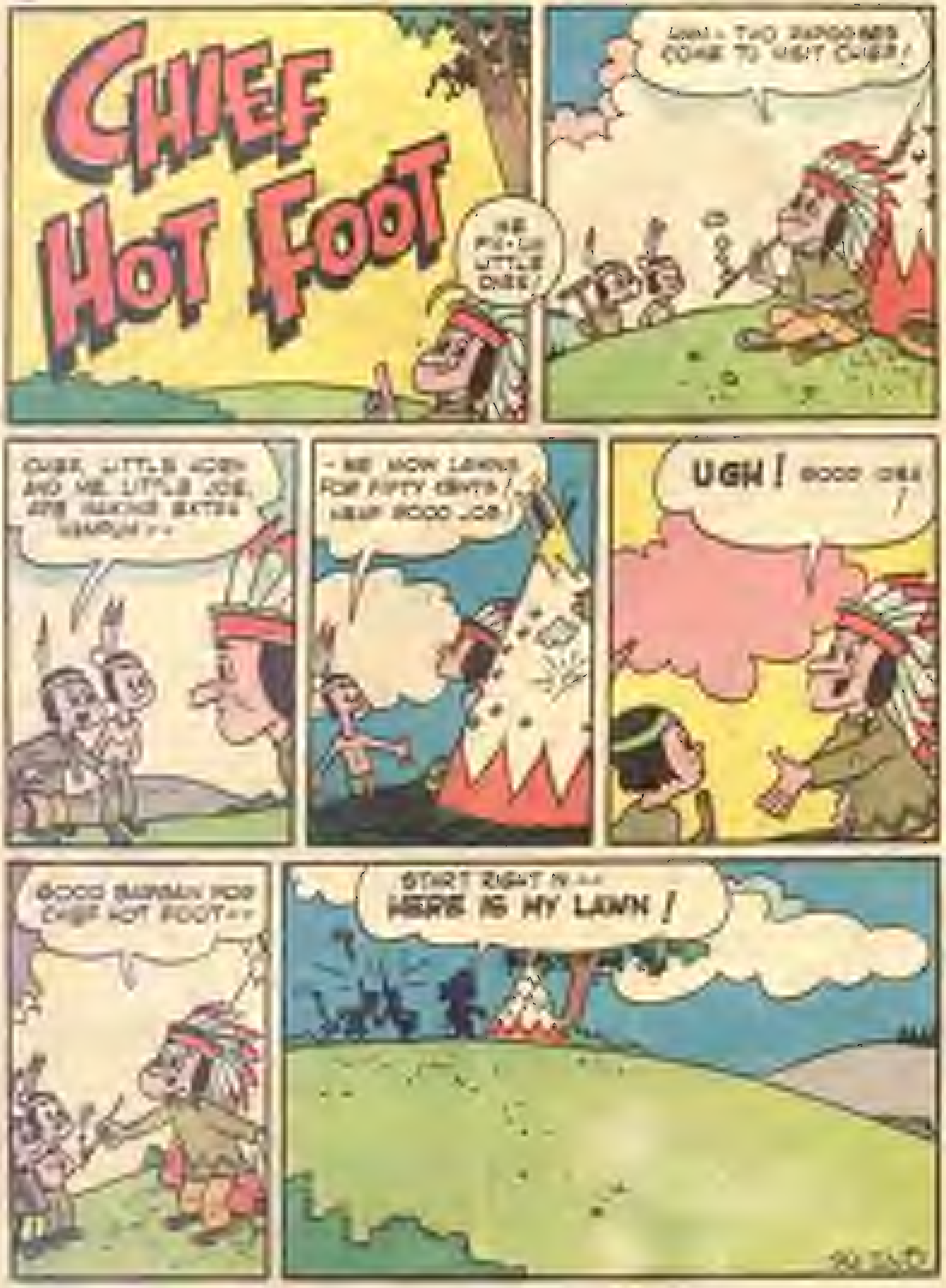

ROBIN USES HIS ACROBATIC SKILL FOR A BREATHTAKING AIR ASCENT—
THIS ROCKET-BOMB WILL SEND MY HELICOPTER!
I'VE GOT TO GET THERE FIRST!
YOU RECKLESS YOUNG FOOL! YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF! GO BACK!
I WILL— WITH YOU AS MY PRISONER!
I KNOCKED HIM RIGHT OUT! HE'S FALLING!
GRAB HIM QUICK! WE'LL TAKE HIM WITH US!


THE UNCONSCIOUS ROBIN IS HAULED ABOARD AND THE HELICOPTER ROARS AWAY...
ROBIN! ROBIN!...THEY'VE GOT HIM! WHAT WILL THE CATWOMAN DO WITH HIM?
LATER... BATMAN GETS THE CATWOMAN'S ANSWER -- IN WRITING!
THIS LETTER IS FROM THE CATWOMAN! SHE WRITES: 'RELEASE MY MEN AND I'LL FREE ROBIN!'
BUT WE CAN'T LET THOSE THUGS GO... IF WE DO, THE CATWOMAN WILL BLACKMAIL OTHERS!
THEN I'VE GOT TO FIND HER HIDEOUT AND RESCUE ROBIN QUICKLY! IF HE'D ONLY CALL ME BY BELT RADIO!
MEANWHILE IN THE CATWOMAN'S LAIR...
BATMAN WASN'T HURT, WAS HE? I ONLY MEANT TO SCARE HIM BACK WHEN I DROPPED THAT BLOCK!
IT ONLY GRAZED HIM! YOU SORT OF LIKE HIM, DON'T YOU?
OF COURSE NOT! WE'RE SWORN ENEMIES! COME, HECATE!
I WISH YOU'D AT LEAST TELL ME WHERE I AM!
LEFT ALONE, ROBIN'S BOUND HANDS FINALLY [illegible] BUTTON ON HIS BELT-RADIO.
I DON'T KNOW! I WAS DOUBLE BLINDFOLDED!
ROBIN! WHERE ARE YOU?

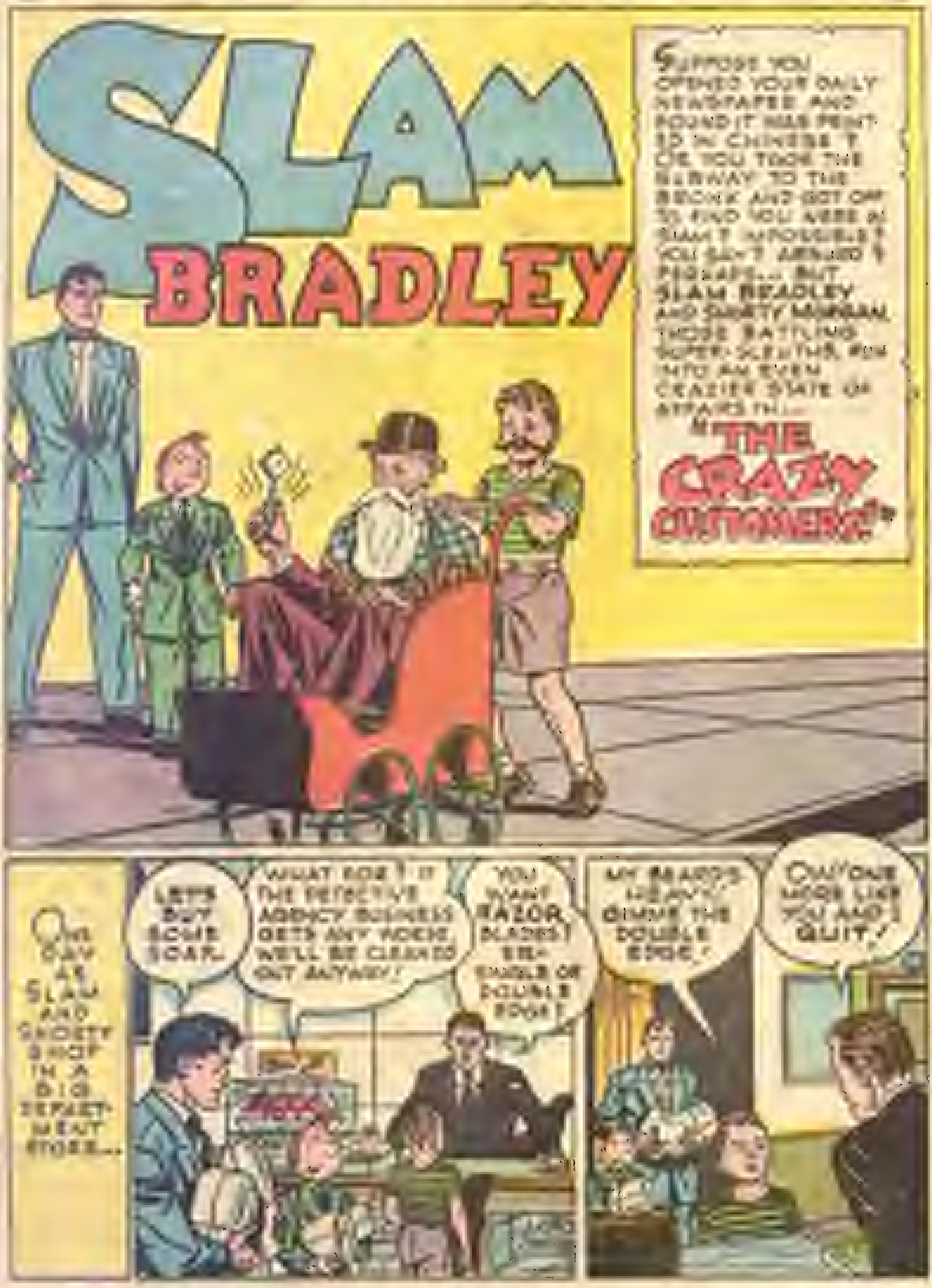

WAIT, THE CAT-WOMAN'S PET, HECATE, IS COMING IN! I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING -- HERE, KITTY!
CAN'T YOU GIVE ME ANY CLUE TO THE LOCATION?
HECATE HAS SWAMP MUD ON HER PAWS AND PINE-NEEDLES IN HER FUR!
THAT'S A CLUE! I'M CHECKING MY GEOLOGICAL MAPS OF THE CITY AND SUBURBS!
ROBIN, THE ONLY SWAMP WITHIN OUR BELT-RADIO RANGE IS THE BAY POINT MARSH! I'LL GO THERE RIGHT AWAY!
I'M HUNTING A CABIN NEAR THE SWAMP WITH PINE TREES AROUND IT!
THE ONLY ONE LIKE THAT IS TWO MILES UP THE ROAD!
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE! BUT IT LOOKS DESERTED!
PUT UP YOUR HANDS, BATMAN!
OOOW!
YOU SHOULDN'T STAND ON LOOSE BOARDS WHEN YOU STAND GUARD!

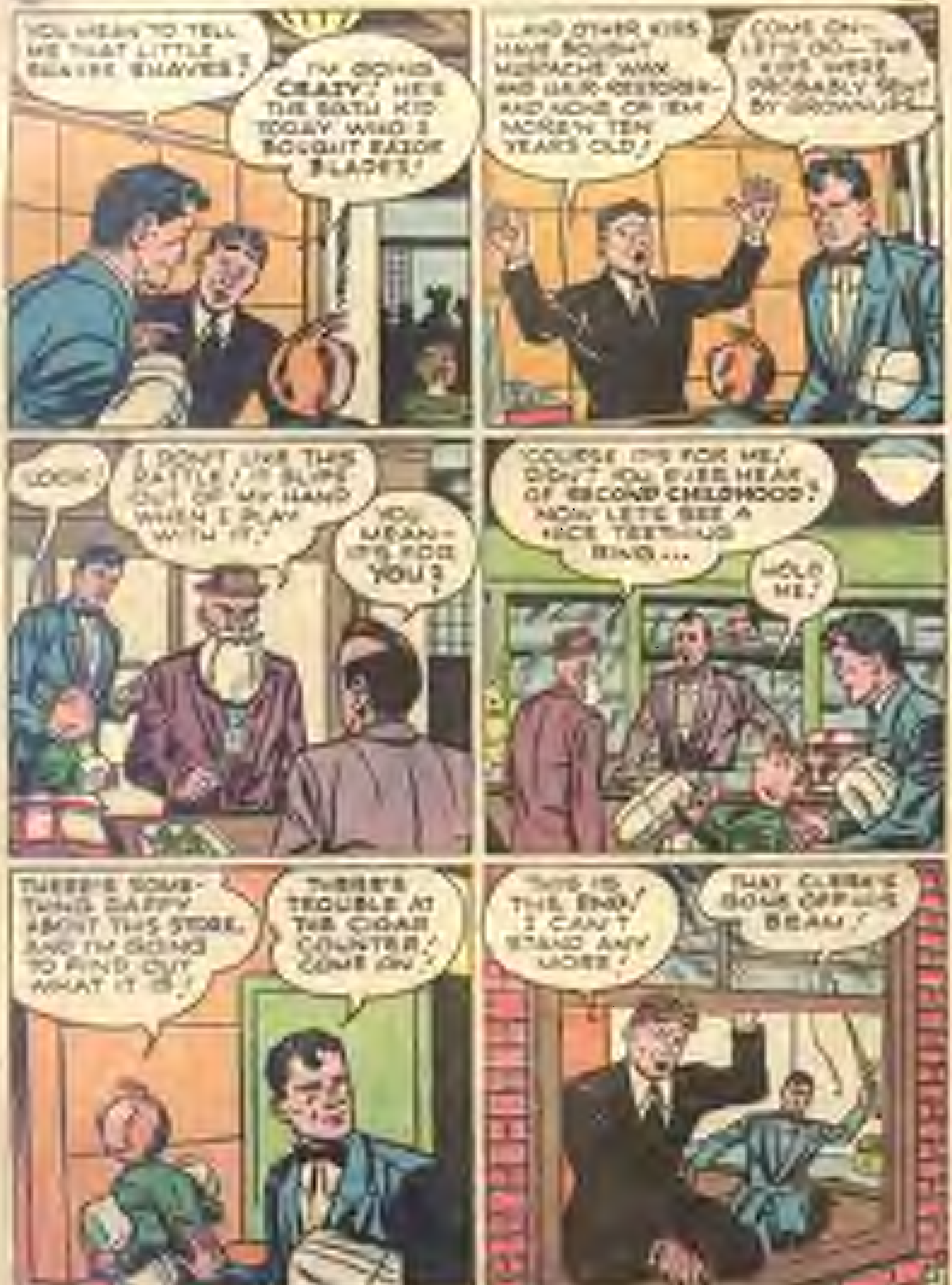

A MOMENT LATER...
A BLACK CAT CLUE ENDS YOUR BLACK CAT CRIMES!
BATMAN! SHE'LL GET AWAY DOWN THE WALL WITH HER CLIMBING CLAWS!
SHORTLY, AFTER ROBIN IS CUT FREE—
THERE SHE GOES IN HER KITTY CAR!
THE BATMOBILE IS PARKED NEARBY! QUICK!
SHE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE DRAWBRIDGE!
—AND THE DRAWBRIDGE IS RISING!
BUT THE CATWOMAN ROARS AHEAD— STRAIGHT INTO THE BLACK VOID!
MOMENTS LATER—
SHE PLUNGED INTO THE BAY, RATHER THAN BE CAPTURED! ...UNLESS THE KITTY CAR MADE THE JUMP...
WELL... IF SHE DID ESCAPE, WE'LL HEAR FROM HER AGAIN! YOU CAN BET ON THAT!
IS THE CATWOMAN REALLY DEAD?

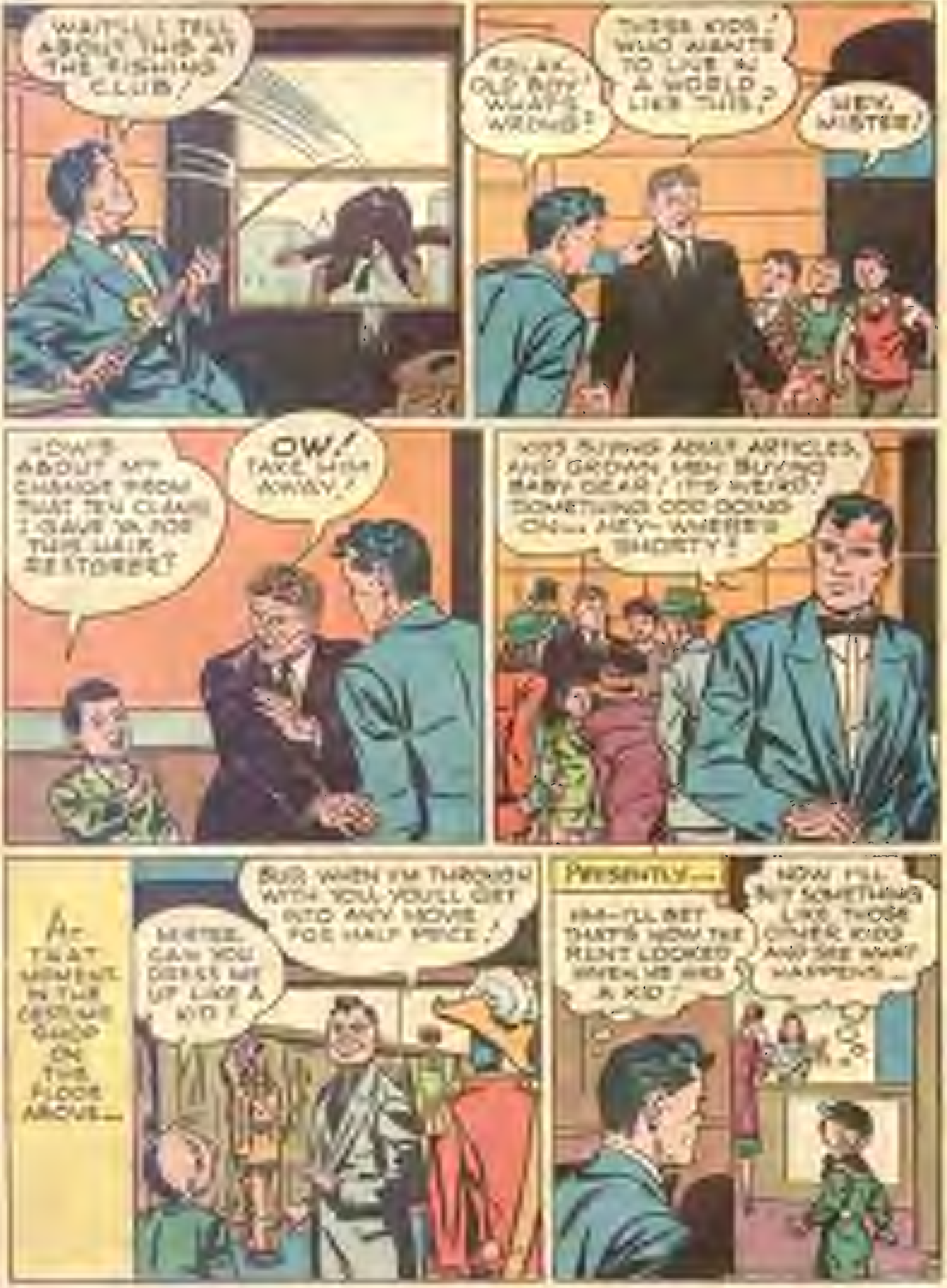
CHIEF HOT FOOT

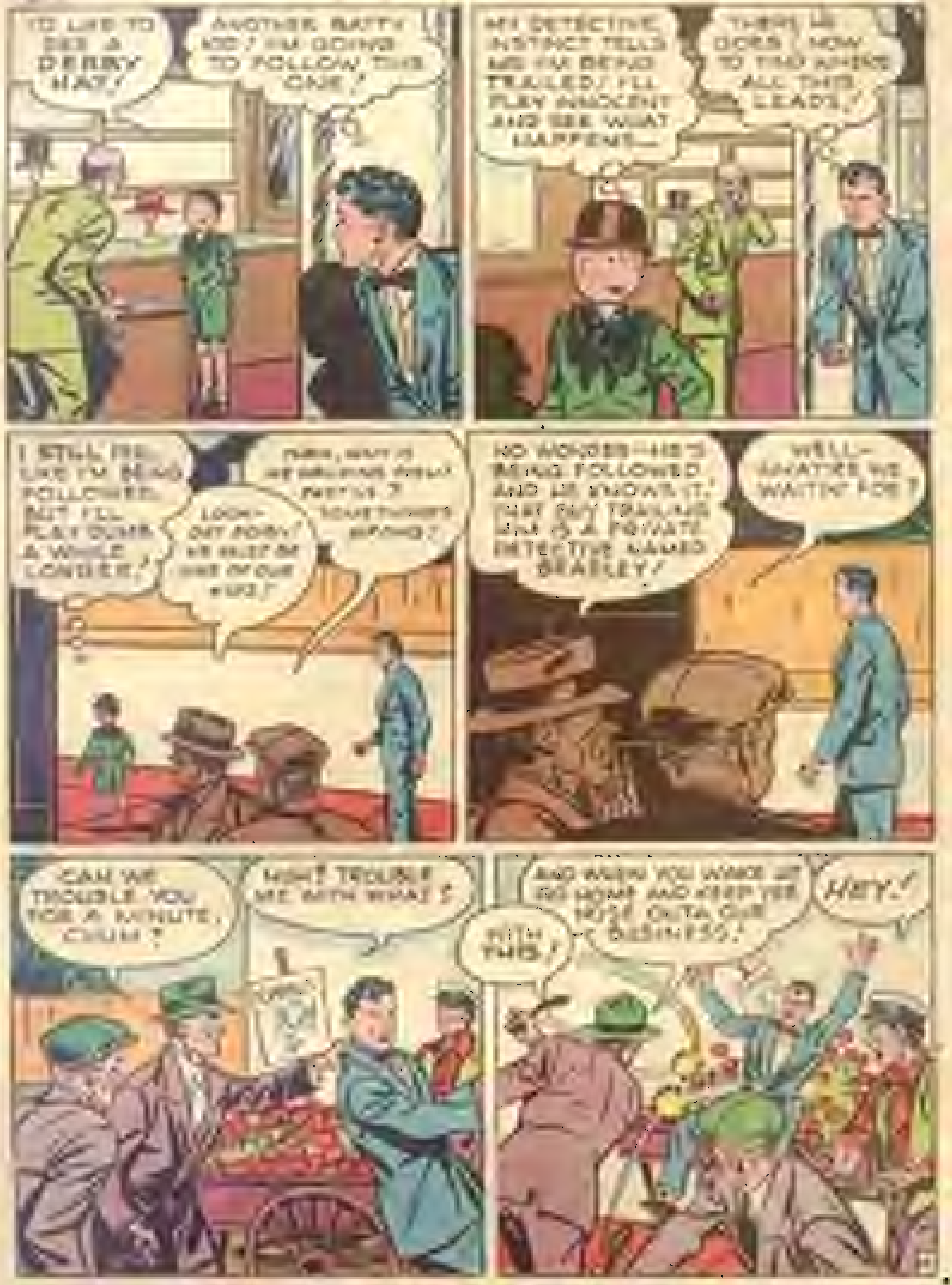

CHIEF HOT FOOT
HE PICK-UM LITTLE ONES!
UGH! TWO PAPOOSES COME TO VISIT CHIEF!
CHIEF, LITTLE MOE AND ME, LITTLE JOE, ARE MAKING EXTRA WAMPUM...
— WE MOW LAWNS FOR FIFTY CENTS! HEAP GOOD JOB!
UGH! GOOD IDEA!
GOOD BARGAIN FOR CHIEF HOT FOOT...
START RIGHT IN... HERE IS MY LAWN!

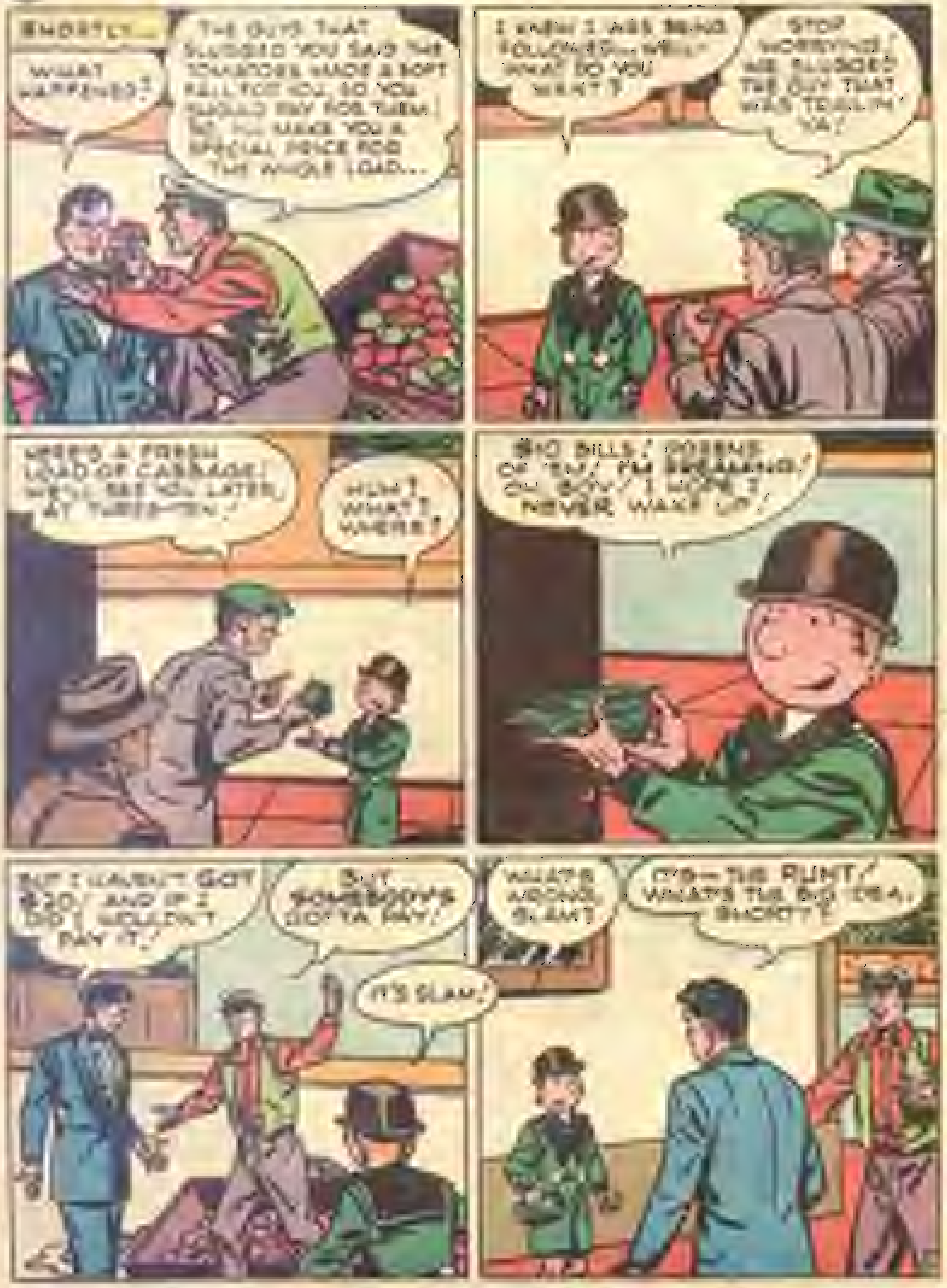
Ed KRAUSE
HEAD BASKETBALL COACH, NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY
ONE OF N.D.'S MOST FAMOUS ATHLETES, "MOOSE" KRAUSE, WON ALL-AMERICAN RATING IN BOTH BASKETBALL AND FOOTBALL. HE IS THE ONLY "GRID" ATHLETE TO BE VOTED A TROPHY BY THE STUDENT BODY
[illegible]
NOW YOU'RE READY TO GO!
"I LIKE TO SEE AN ATHLETE STOKE UP ON [illegible] AND WHEATIES 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' [illegible] KRAUSE [illegible] WHEATIES HAVE GOT A [illegible] SUPPLY OF NOURISHMENT TO HELP KEEP YOU GOING STRONG."
WHEATIES
WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST of CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

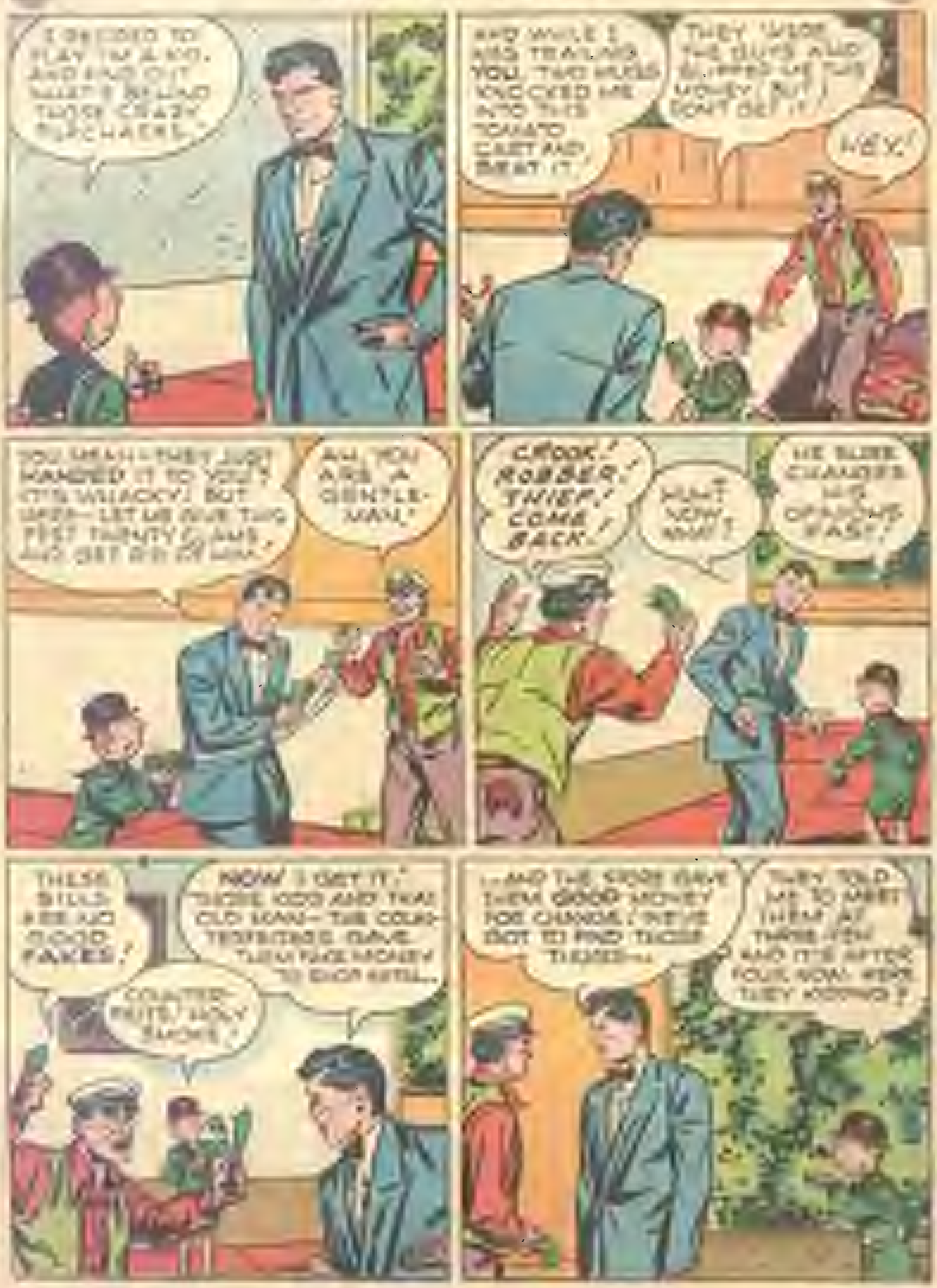

SLAM BRADLEY
SUPPOSE YOU OPENED YOUR DAILY NEWSPAPER AND FOUND IT WAS PRINTED IN CHINESE ? OR YOU TOOK THE SUBWAY TO THE BRONX AND GOT OFF TO FIND YOU WERE IN SIAM ? IMPOSSIBLE ? YOU CAN'T ARGUE ? PERHAPS... BUT SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, THOSE BATTLING SUPER-SLEUTHS, RUN INTO AN EVEN CRAZIER STATE OF AFFAIRS IN...
"THE CRAZY CUSTOMERS!"
ONE DAY AS SLAM AND SHORTY SHOP IN A BIG DEPARTMENT STORE...
LET'S BUY SOME SOAP.
WHAT FOR ? IF THE DETECTIVE AGENCY BUSINESS GETS ANY WORSE WE'LL BE CLEANED OUT ANYWAY!
YOU WANT RAZOR BLADES! SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE?
MY BEARD'S HEAVY! GIMME THE DOUBLE EDGE!
OW! ONE MORE LIKE YOU AND I QUIT!

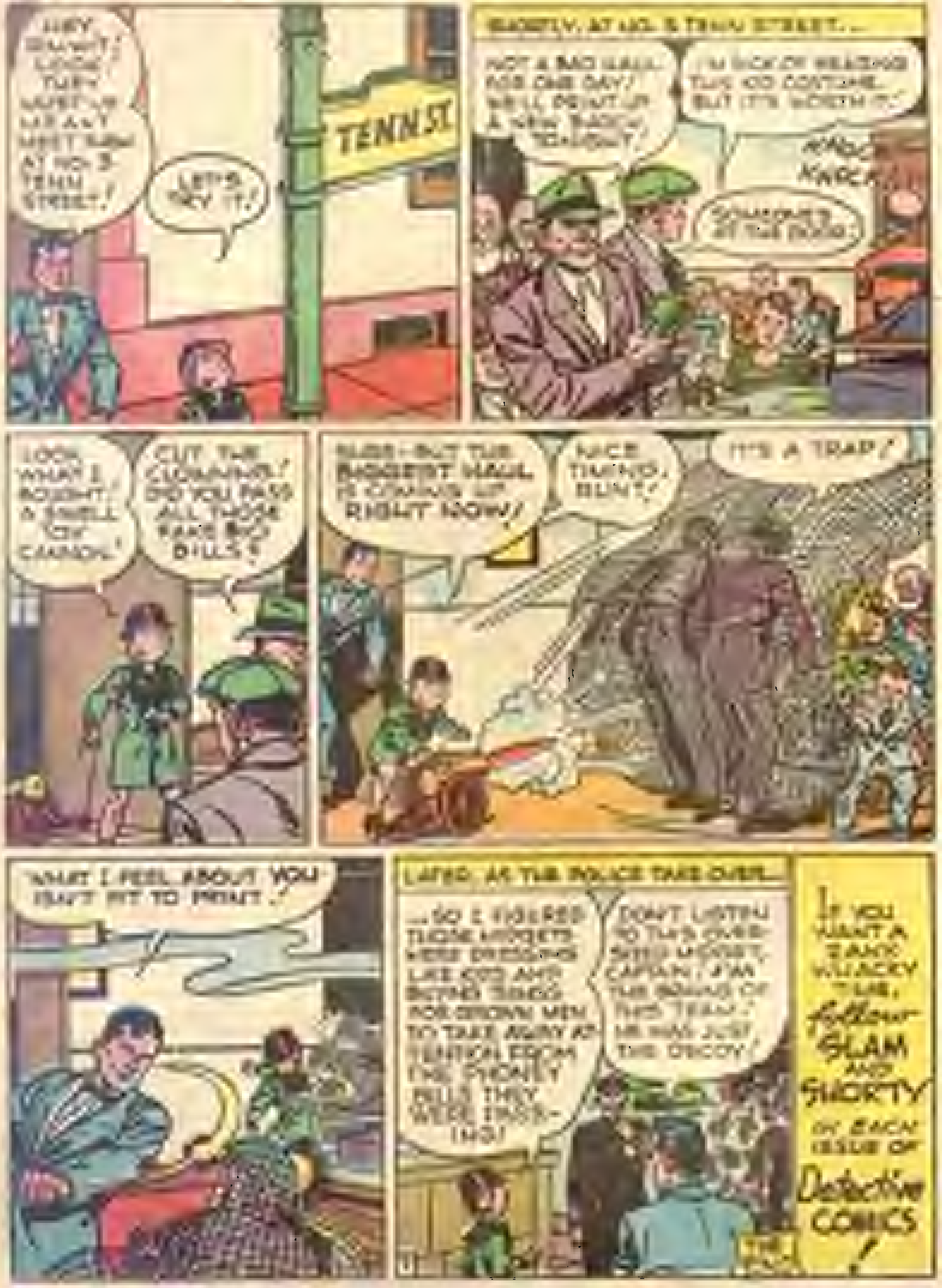

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT LITTLE CLAIRE SHAVES?
I'M GOING CRAZY! HE'S THE SIXTH KID TODAY WHO'S BOUGHT RAZOR BLADES!
...AND OTHER KIDS HAVE BOUGHT MUSTACHE WAX AND HAIR-RESTORER -- AND NONE OF 'EM MORE'N TEN YEARS OLD!
COME ON -- LET'S GO -- THE KIDS WERE PROBABLY SENT BY GROWNUPS!
LOOK!
I DON'T LIKE THIS RATTLE! IT SLIPS OUT OF MY HAND WHEN I PLAY WITH IT!
YOU MEAN -- IT'S FOR YOU?
'COURSE IT'S FOR ME! DON'T YOU EVER HEAR OF SECOND CHILDHOOD? NOW LET'S SEE A NICE TEETHING RING...
HOLD ME!
THERE'S SOMETHING DAFFY ABOUT THIS STORE, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
THERE'S TROUBLE AT THE CIGAR COUNTER! COME ON!
THIS IS THE END! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE!
THAT CLERK'S GONE OFF HIS BEAM!


WAIT'LL I TELL ABOUT THIS AT THE FISHING CLUB!
RELAX, OLD BOY! WHAT'S WRONG?
THESE KIDS! WHO WANTS TO LIVE IN A WORLD LIKE THIS?
HEY, MISTER!
HOW'S ABOUT MY CHANGE FROM THAT TEN CLAMS I GAVE YA FOR THE HAIR RESTORER?
OW! TAKE HIM AWAY!
KIDS BUYING ADULT ARTICLES, AND GROWN MEN BUYING BABY GEAR! IT'S WEIRD! SOMETHING ODD GOING ON... HEY-- WHERE'S SHORTY?
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE COSTUME SHOP ON THE FLOOR ABOVE...
MISTER, CAN YOU DRESS ME UP LIKE A KID?
SURE! WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL GET INTO ANY MOVIE FOR HALF PRICE!
PRESENTLY...
HM-- I'LL BET THAT'S HOW THE RUNT LOOKED WHEN HE WAS A KID!
NOW I'LL BUY SOMETHING LIKE THOSE OTHER KIDS AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS...


I'D LIKE TO SEE A DERBY HAT!
ANOTHER BATTY KID! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THIS ONE!
MY DETECTIVE INSTINCT TELLS ME I'M BEING TRAILED! I'LL PLAY INNOCENT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS—
THERE HE GOES! NOW TO FIND WHERE ALL THIS LEADS!
I STILL FEEL LIKE I'M BEING FOLLOWED. BUT I'LL PLAY DUMB A WHILE LONGER!
LOOK—OUT ROBIN! HE MUST BE ONE OF OUR KIDS!
YEAH, BUT IS HE [illegible] ? SOMETHING'S WRONG!
NO WONDER—HE'S BEING FOLLOWED AND HE KNOWS IT! THAT GUY TRAILING HIM IS A PRIVATE DETECTIVE NAMED BRADLEY!
WELL—WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?
CAN WE TROUBLE YOU FOR A MINUTE, CHUM?
HUH? TROUBLE ME WITH WHAT?
WITH THIS!
AND WHEN YOU WAKE UP GO HOME AND KEEP YER NOSE OUTA OUR BUSINESS!
HEY!


SHORTLY...
WHAT HAPPENED?
THE GUYS THAT SLUGGED YOU SAID THE TOMATOES MADE A SOFT FALL FOR YOU, SO YOU SHOULD PAY FOR THEM! BUT I'LL MAKE YOU A SPECIAL PRICE FOR THE WHOLE LOAD...
I KNEW I WAS BEING FOLLOWED... WELL WHAT DO YOU WANT?
STOP WORRYING! WE SLUGGED THE GUY THAT WAS TRAILIN' YA!
HERE'S A FRESH LOAD OF CABBAGE! WE'LL SEE YOU LATER, AT THIRTEEN-TEN!
HUH? WHAT? WHERE?
BIG BILLS! DOZENS OF 'EM! I'M DREAMING! OH BOY! I HOPE I NEVER WAKE UP!
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT $20! AND IF I DID I WOULDN'T PAY IT!
BUT SOMEBODY'S GOTTA PAY!
IT'S SLAM!
WHAT'S WRONG, SLAM?
IT'S—THE RUNT! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, SHORTY?


I DECIDED TO PLAY I'M A KID, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THOSE CRAZY PURCHASES.
AND WHILE I WAS TRAILING YOU, TWO MUGS KNOCKED ME INTO THIS TOMATO CART AND BEAT IT.
THEY TOOK THE BUYS AND SLIPPED ME THIS MONEY! BUT I DON'T GET IT!
HEY!
YOU MEAN--THEY JUST HANDED IT TO YOU? IT'S WHACKY! BUT HERE--LET ME GIVE YOU THE FIRST TWENTY CLAMS AND GET ON MY WAY.
AH, YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN!
CROOK! ROBBER! THIEF! COME BACK!
HUH? NOW WHAT?
HE SURE CHANGES HIS OPINIONS FAST!
THESE BILLS ARE NO GOOD--FAKES!
NOW I GET IT! THOSE KIDS AND THAT OLD MAN--THE COUNTERFEITERS GAVE THEM FAKE MONEY TO EXCHANGE...
COUNTERFEITS! HOLY SMOKE!
...AND THE CROOK GAVE THEM GOOD MONEY FOR CHANGE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THOSE THIEVES...
THEY TOLD ME TO MEET THEM AT THREE-TEN AND IT'S AFTER FOUR NOW! WERE THEY KIDDING?


HEY [illegible]! LOOK! THEY [illegible] AT NO. 3 TENN STREET!
LET'S TRY IT!
TENN ST.
SHORTLY, AT NO. 3 TENN STREET...
NOT A BAD HAUL FOR ONE DAY! WE'LL SPLIT UP A NEW BATCH TOMORROW!
I'M SICK OF WEARING THIS KID COSTUME, BUT IT'S WORTH IT!
KNOCK KNOCK!
SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR!
LOOK WHAT I BOUGHT! A SWELL TOY CANNON!
CUT THE CLOWNING! DID YOU PASS ALL THOSE FAKE BIG BILLS?
SURE--BUT THE BIGGEST HAUL IS COMING UP RIGHT NOW!
NICE TIMING, RUNT!
IT'S A TRAP!
WHAT I FEEL ABOUT YOU ISN'T FIT TO PRINT!
LATER, AS THE POLICE TAKE OVER...
...SO I FIGURED THOSE MIDGETS WERE DRESSING LIKE KIDS AND BUYING THINGS FOR GROWN MEN TO TAKE AWAY ATTENTION FROM THE PHONEY BILLS THEY WERE PASSING!
DON'T LISTEN TO THIS OVERSIZED MIDGET, CAPTAIN! I'M THE BRAINS OF THIS TEAM! HE WAS JUST THE DECOY!
THE END
IF YOU WANT A ZANY WHACKY TIME, follow SLAM AND SHORTY IN EACH ISSUE OF Detective COMICS!

Captain
Tootsie's
COUNTER SPOOK
Tootsie Rolls

Two of America's Most Famous Boys!

ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

TWO-FISTED ACTION-PAL OF FAMOUS, HARD-HITTING

BATMAN

NOW ON HIS OWN IN SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!

IN EVERY ISSUE OF

STAR SPANGLED COMICS!

—AND

SUPERBOY

—THE THRILLING, ACTION-PACKED STORY OF

SUPERMAN

WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

IN EVERY GREAT ISSUE OF

Adventure COMICS!

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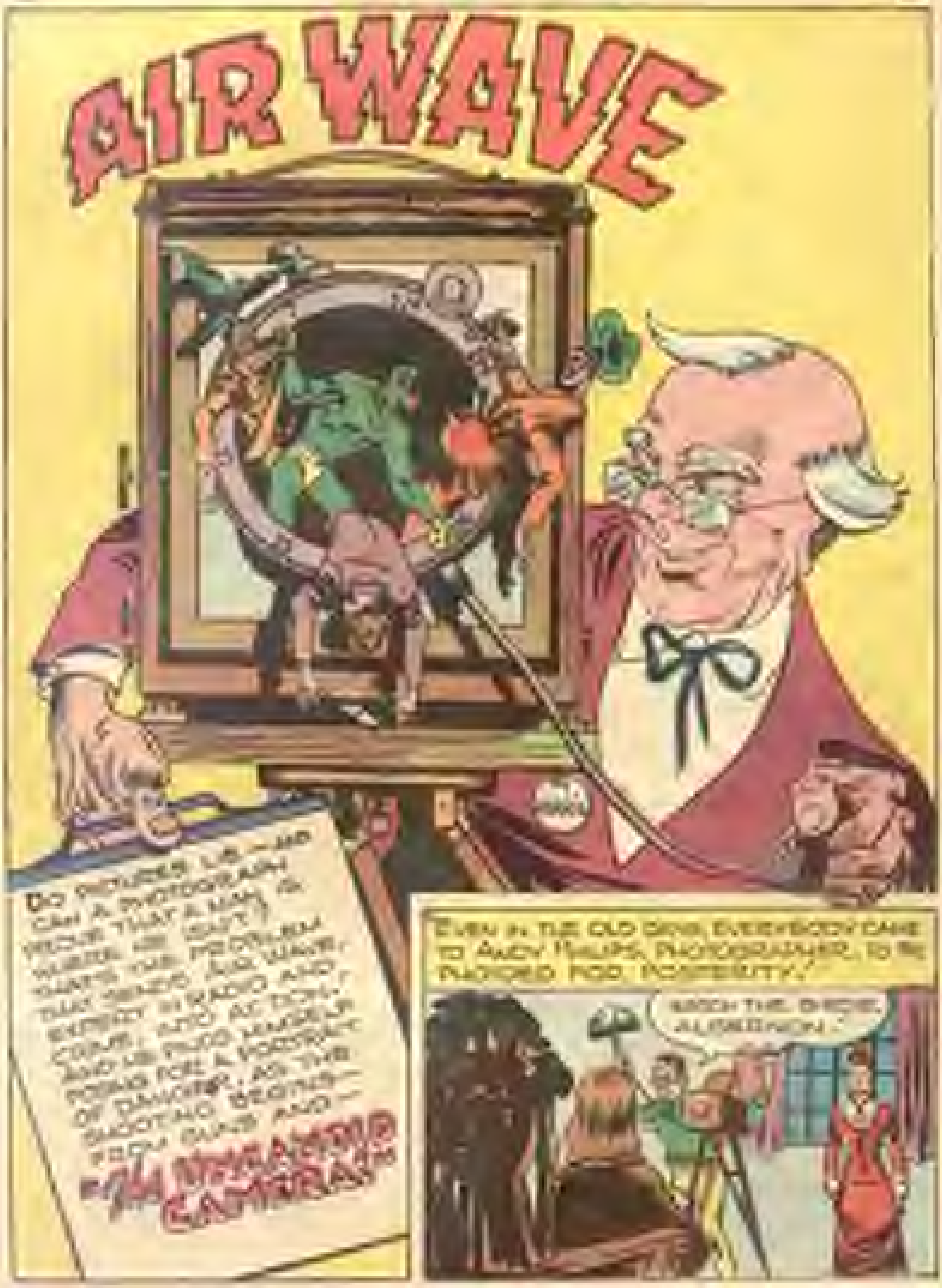
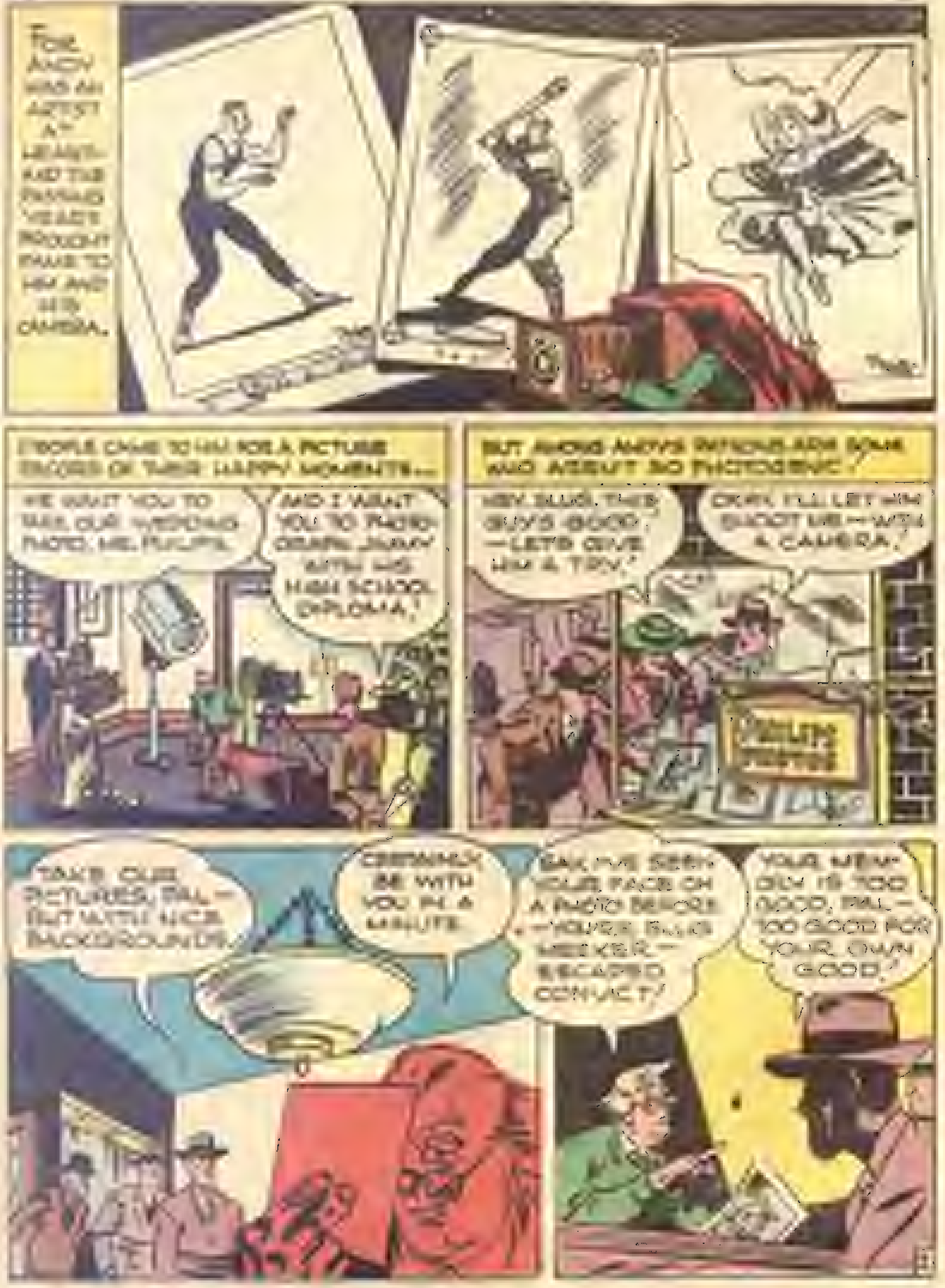
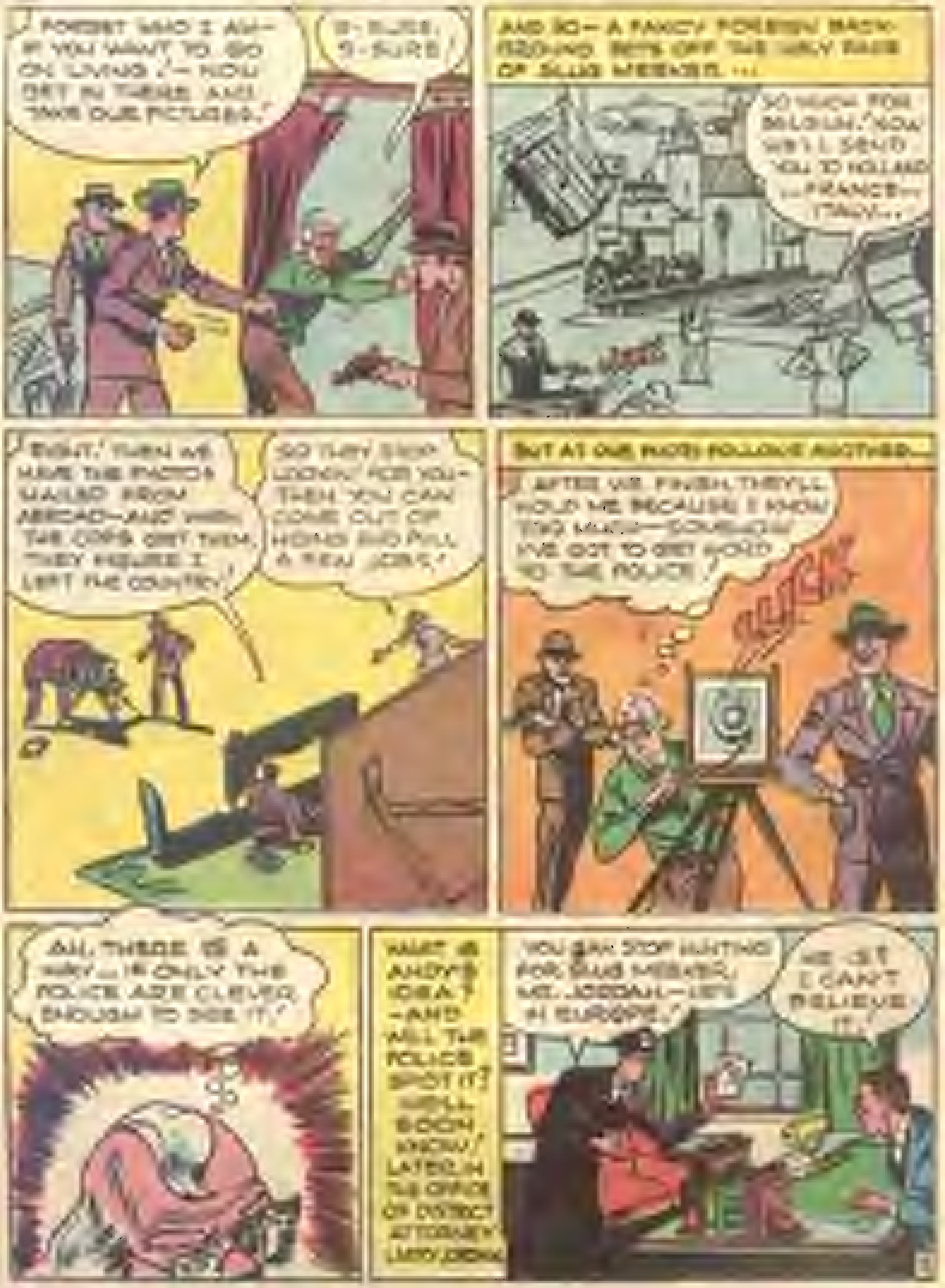
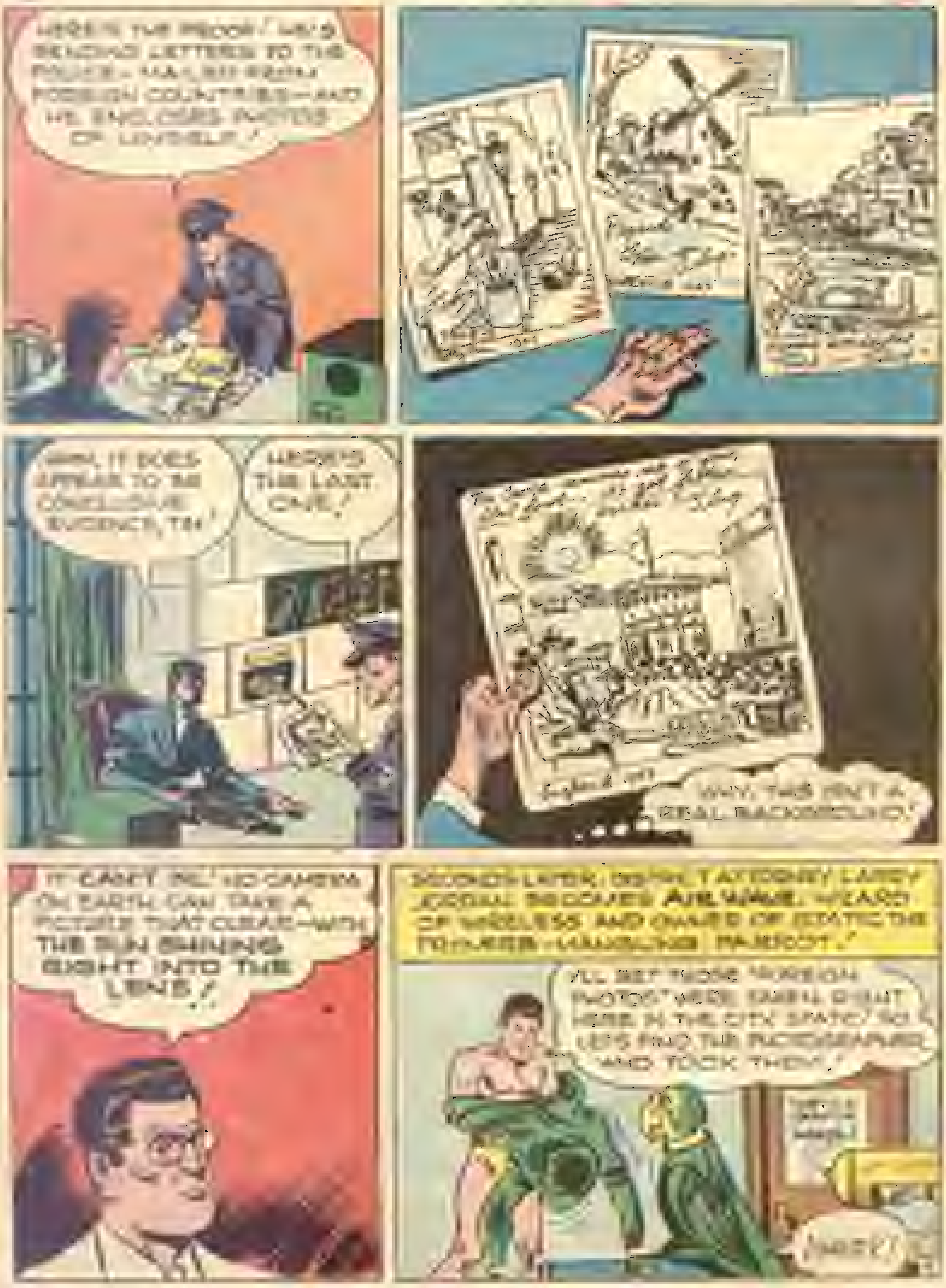
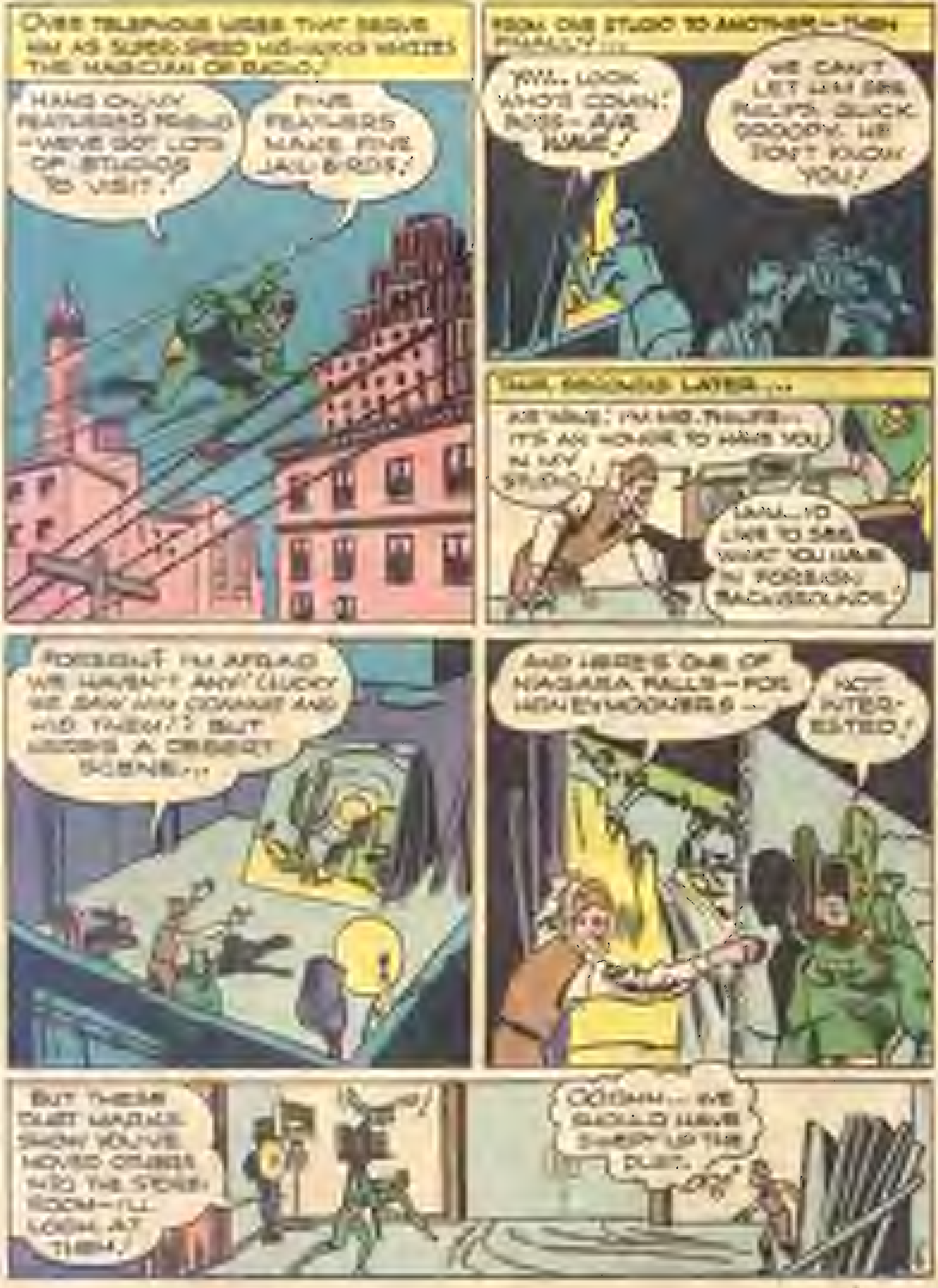
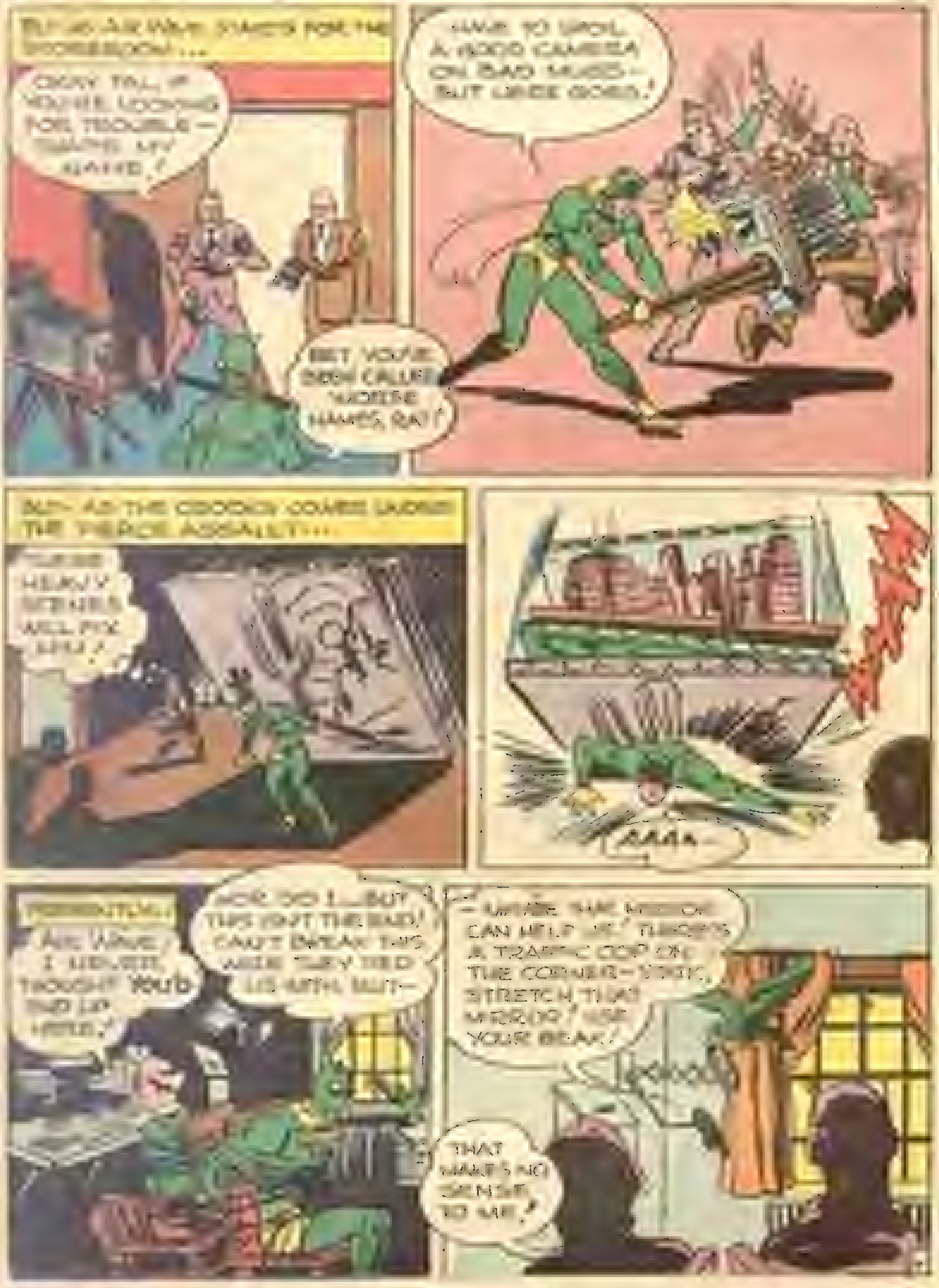

AIR WAVE
DO PICTURES LIE—AND CAN A PHOTOGRAPH PROVE THAT A MAN IS WHERE HE ISN'T? THAT'S THE PROBLEM THAT SENDS AIR WAVE, EXPERT IN RADIO AND CRIME, INTO ACTION! AND HE FINDS HIMSELF POSING FOR A PORTRAIT OF DANGER, AS THE SHOOTING BEGINS— FROM GUNS AND—
"THE UNCANNY CAMERA!"
EVEN IN THE OLD DAYS, EVERYBODY CAME TO ANDY PHILIPS, PHOTOGRAPHER, TO BE PICTURED FOR "POSTERITY."
WATCH THE BIRDIE, ALFREDSON—

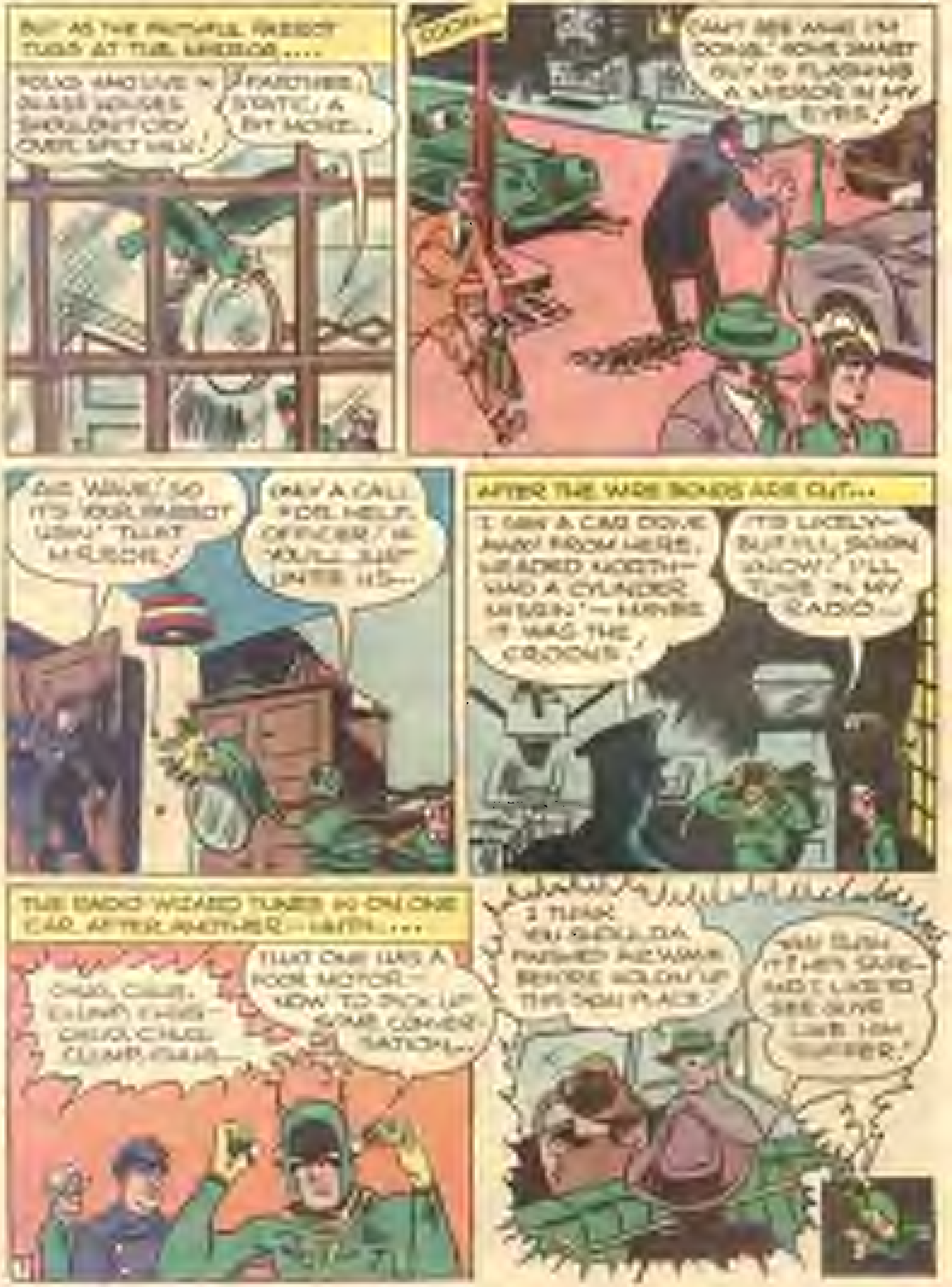

FOR ANDY WAS AN ARTIST — A GENIUS — AND THE FAMOUS 'VIEWS' BROUGHT FAME TO HIM AND HIS CAMERA.
PEOPLE CAME TO HIM FOR A PICTURE RECORD OF THEIR HAPPY MOMENTS...
WE WANT YOU TO TAKE OUR WEDDING PHOTO, MR. PHILIPS.
AND I WANT YOU TO PHOTOGRAPH JIMMY WITH HIS HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA!
BUT AMONG ANDY'S PATRONS ARE SOME WHO AREN'T SO PHOTOGENIC!
HEY, SLUG, THIS GUY'S GOOD! —LET'S GIVE HIM A TRY!
OKAY, I'LL LET HIM SHOOT ME — WITH A CAMERA!
TAKE OUR PICTURES, PAL — BUT WITH NICE BACKGROUNDS!
CERTAINLY! BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.
SAY, I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE ON A PHOTO BEFORE —YOU'RE SLUG MEEKER — ESCAPED CONVICT!
YOUR MEMORY IS TOO GOOD, PAL — TOO GOOD FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

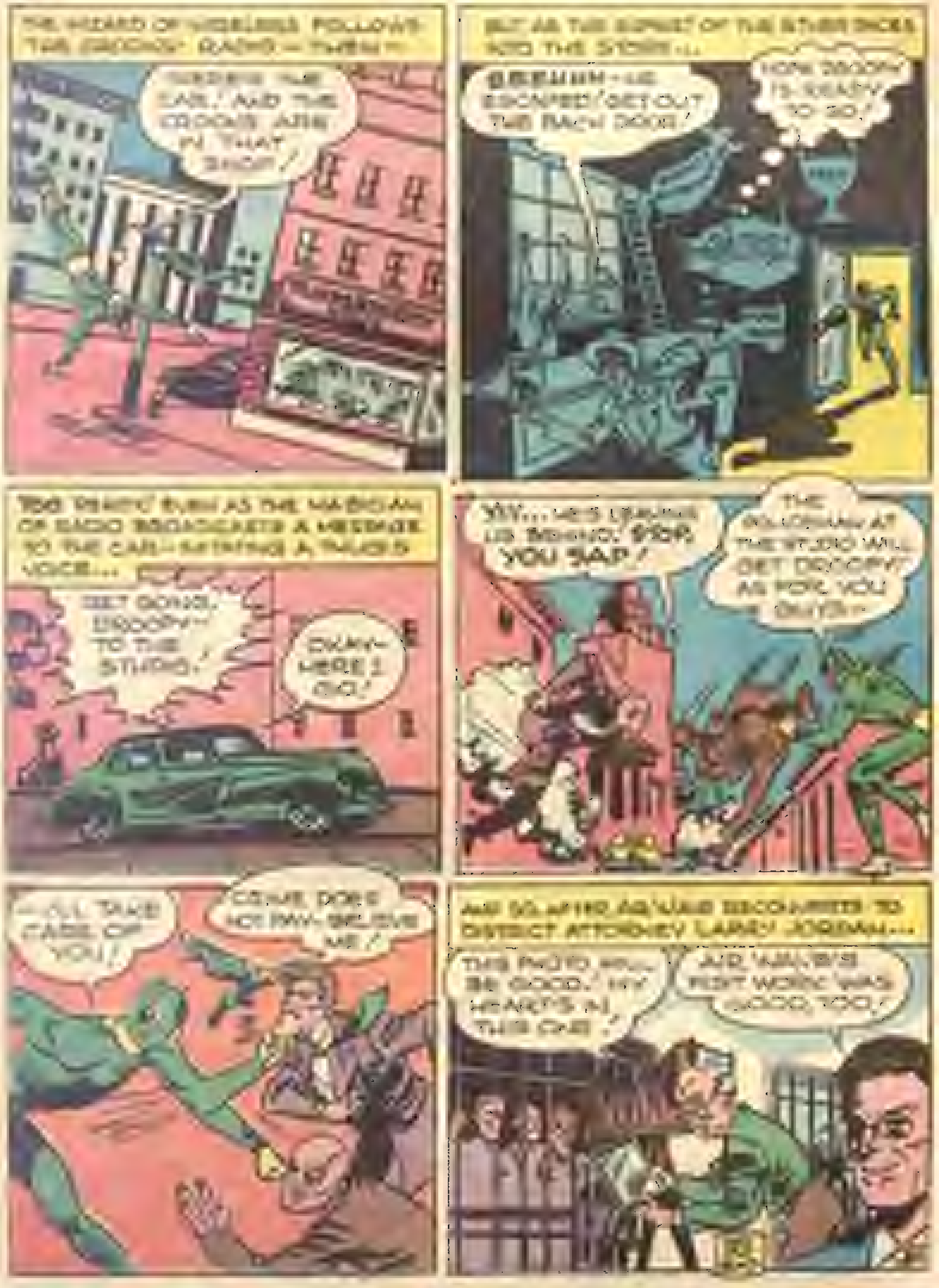

FORGET WHO I AM— IF YOU WANT TO GO ON LIVING!— NOW GET IN THERE AND TAKE OUR PICTURES!
S-SURE, S-SURE!
AND SO— A FANCY FOREIGN BACKGROUND SETS OFF THE UGLY FACE OF SLUG MEEKER...
SO MUCH FOR BELGIUM! NOW WE'LL SEND YOU TO HOLLAND ...FRANCE... ITALY...
RIGHT! THEN WE HAVE THE PHOTOS MAILED FROM ABROAD—AND WHEN THE COPS GET THEM, THEY FIGURE I LEFT THE COUNTRY!
SO THEY STOP LOOKIN' FOR YOU— THEN YOU CAN COME OUT OF HIDING AND PULL A REAL JOB!
BUT AS ONE PHOTO FOLLOWS ANOTHER...
AFTER WE FINISH, THEY'LL HOLD ME BECAUSE I KNOW TOO MUCH—SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO GET WORD TO THE POLICE!
KLICK!
AH, THERE IS A WAY... IF ONLY THE POLICE ARE CLEVER ENOUGH TO SEE IT!
WHAT IS ANDY'S IDEA? —AND WILL THE POLICE SPOT IT? WE'LL SOON KNOW! LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN
YOU CAN STOP HUNTING FOR SLUG MEEKER, MR. JORDAN—HE'S IN EUROPE!
HE—IS? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!


HERE'S THE PROOF! HE'S SENDING LETTERS TO THE POLICE—MAILED FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES—AND HE ENCLOSES PHOTOS OF HIMSELF!
WELL, IT DOES APPEAR TO BE CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE, TIM
HERE'S THE LAST ONE!
WHY, THIS ISN'T A REAL BACKGROUND!
IT CAN'T BE! NO CAMERA ON EARTH CAN TAKE A PICTURE THAT CLEAR—WITH THE SUN SHINING RIGHT INTO THE LENS!
SECONDS LATER, DEPUTY ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN BECOMES AIR WAVE, WIZARD OF WIRELESS AND OWNER OF STATIC, THE FOREVER-SQUAWKING PARROT!
I'LL BET THOSE "FOREIGN PHOTOS" WERE TAKEN RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY, STATIC! SO LET'S FIND THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO TOOK THEM!


OVER TELEPHONE WIRES THAT SERVE HIM AS SUPER-SPEED HIGHWAYS WHIZZES THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO!
HANG ON, MY FEATHERED FRIEND — WE'VE GOT LOTS OF STUDIOS TO VISIT!
FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE JAIL BIRDS!
FROM ONE STUDIO TO ANOTHER — THEN FINALLY...
WELL... LOOK WHO'S COMIN', BOSS — AIR WAVE!
WE CAN'T LET HIM SEE PHILIPS. QUICK, GROGGY, HE DON'T KNOW YOU!
TEN SECONDS LATER...
AIR WAVE! I'M MR. PHILIPS... IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE YOU IN MY STUDIO!
WELL... I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT YOU HAVE IN FOREIGN BACKGROUNDS!
FOREIGN? I'M AFRAID WE HAVEN'T ANY! (LUCKY HE SAW HIM COMING AND HID THEM!) BUT HERE'S A DESERT SCENE...
AND HERE'S ONE OF NIAGARA FALLS — FOR HONEYMOONERS —
NOT INTERESTED!
BUT THESE DUST MARKS SHOW YOU'VE MOVED OTHERS INTO THE STORE-ROOM — I'LL LOOK AT THEM.
OOOHH... WE SHOULD HAVE SWEPT UP THE DUST.


BUT AS AIR WAVE STARTS FOR THE STOREROOM...
OKAY PAL, IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE — THAT'S MY GAME!
HAVE TO SPOIL A GOOD CAMERA ON BAD MUGS — BUT HERE GOES!
BET YOU'VE BEEN CALLED 'WORSE' NAMES, RAT!
BUT— AS THE CROOKS COME UNDER THE FIERCE ASSAULT...
THESE HEAVY SCENES WILL FIX YOU!
AAAA...
MEANTIME...
AIR WAVE, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D END UP HERE!
NOR DID I...BUT THIS ISN'T THE END! CAN'T BREAK THIS WIRE THEY TIED US WITH, BUT—
—MAYBE THAT MIRROR CAN HELP US! THERE'S A TRAFFIC COP ON THE CORNER— STATIC, STRETCH THAT MIRROR! USE YOUR BEAK!
THAT MAKES NO SENSE TO ME!


BUT AS THE FAITHFUL PARROT TUGS AT THE MIRROR....
FOLKS WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULDN'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK!
FARTHER, STATIC, A BIT MORE...
ZOOM
CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M DOING! SOME SMART GUY IS FLASHING A MIRROR IN MY EYES!
AIR WAVE! SO IT'S YOUR PARROT WITH THAT MIRROR!
ONLY A CALL FOR HELP, OFFICER! IF YOU'LL JUST UNTIE US--
AFTER THE WIRE BONDS ARE CUT...
I SAW A CAR DRIVE AWAY FROM HERE, HEADED NORTH-- HAD A CYLINDER MISSIN'-- MAYBE IT WAS THE CROOKS!
IT'S LIKELY-- BUT I'LL SOON KNOW! I'LL TUNE IN MY RADIO...
THE RADIO WIZARD TUNES IN ON ONE CAR AFTER ANOTHER -- UNTIL...
CHUG, CHUG, CLUNK, CHUG-- CHUG, CHUG, CLUNK, CHUG...
THAT ONE HAS A POOR MOTOR-- NOW TO PICK UP SOME CONVERSATION...
I THINK YOU SHOULDA FINISHED AIR WAVE BEFORE BLOWIN' UP THE SIGN PLACE!
AW, SHUSH! IT'S MY SAFE-- AND I LIKED TO SEE GUYS LIKE HIM SUFFER!


THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS FOLLOWS THE CROOKS' RADIO — THEN —
THERE'S THE CAR! AND THE CROOKS ARE IN THAT SHOP!
BUT AS THE EXPERT OF THE ETHER DIVES INTO THE STORE...
GRRRUHH — HE ESCAPED! GET OUT THE BACK DOOR!
HOPE DROOPY IS READY TO GO!
TOO 'READY' EVEN AS THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO BROADCASTS A MESSAGE TO THE CAR — IMITATING A THUG'S VOICE...
GET GOING, DROOPY — TO THE STUDIO!
OKAY — HERE I GO!
HEY... HE'S LEAVING US BEHIND! STOP, YOU SAP!
THE POLICEMAN AT THE STUDIO WILL GET DROOPY! AS FOR YOU GUYS —
— I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
CRIME DOES NOT PAY — BELIEVE ME!
AND SO, AFTER AIR WAVE RECONVERTS TO DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN...
THIS PHOTO WILL BE GOOD! MY HEART'S IN THIS ONE!
AIR WAVE'S LAST WORK WAS GOOD, TOO!

THE TALKING CAT

by Mal Tarret

THE age of Miss Emmy's tabby was not known, but it was estimated that Mike was at least ten years old, the equivalent of a hundred years with a human.

At any rate, the eccentric Miss Emmy had found Mike, a mewling, spewling kitten, deserted in an alleyway. From the first moment Mike and Miss Emmy had gotten on famously together. Mike didn't seem to be aware that Miss Emmy, the richest woman in the State, was faded and crotchety. And Miss Emmy, in her turn, didn't mind that Mike's yellow fur was dirty and wet.

Inspector Stanton, an old friend of Miss Emmy's was explaining now to his crack homicide man, Tim Gerz, about Mike.

"Seems like he understood everything she said," the inspector said. "When I'd stop in for a chat with Miss Emmy, she always included Mike in her remarks." He scratched his iron grey hair. "Sorta like that Harvey play, isn't it?"

Tim Gerz was a good cop. He liked fun, but he didn't like jokes when he was working on a case. Even when his boss cracked the jokes he didn't like them. "Yeah," he said, "but we're not looking for any six-foot rabbit right now, Inspector. We're looking for a murderer." He pointed toward Miss Emmy's body. The bullet, a 32 caliber slug, had gone into her heart.

"And from all indications," Gerz said, looking around the room, "the murder is an inside job."

His eyes roved about the library, looked at the nervous faces staring back at him. There was Casto Martin, the nephew of Miss Emmy. He was still holding his badminton bat nervously. His wife, Bubbles Dean, the former dancer, was also dressed in sport clothes. Her eyes were red from crying. Both Casto and Bubbles had been summoned by Parkes, Miss Emmy's butler, who discovered the body.

Parkes was more nervous than anyone else. His face white, he averted his eyes from Gerz's steady gaze. The latter continued to stare at him, meanwhile keeping up a conversation.

"From what I gather," Gerz said dryly, "Miss Emmy was working in the library. Right, Parkes?"

"Yes . . . Yes sir," Parkes stammered.

"Anybody come in to see her? Hear anything?"

"No. I didn't see anyone. But I did hear her talking to Mike, the cat. She always talked to him."

"That's right, Tim," Stanton cut in. "Like I said, it was almost as though Mike could talk back."

Gerz shrugged, his eyes moving to Casto and his wife. "You and your missus were out on the badminton court all the time?"

"Until Parkes called us," Casto said. "Then we came right in and called the police. And see here, detective, I don't intend to have my wife questioned, or Parkes. I intend to call Plummer, Miss Emmy's lawyer. He'll do our talking."

Gerz shrugged. "Suit yourself," he grunted. "I thought it would be nice to have an informal talk." He waited as Casto made his call, then said: "Of course you'll be around, Mr. Martin."

"I will," Casto said. "Naturally. I just want to get out of these slacks." He spoke to Parkes. "Let me know as soon as Mr. Plummer gets here."

He moved toward the door, followed by Bubbles. Just as he reached the threshold, there was a spitting, snarling sound from beneath the couch to the right of the door.

Both Casto and Bubbles leaped away. The next instant a yellow head appeared.

"It's only Mike," Parkes said, going over. "I wondered where he was."

He put his hand toward the cat, intending to pull him out. As he touched the cat's back, Mike scratched. Parkes howled. Gerz was watching the scene narrowly.

"That cat should be taken out and chloroformed," Casto said, "and now that Miss Emmy's gone, I'll see that it's done. You can see how vicious he is." He stormed out the door, followed by his wife.

Gerz looked at Parkes' hand. "Didn't you know he'd scratch?"

Parkes was wrapping a handkerchief around the livid, red scratches. "He never did that to me before. Something must be ailing him."

He [illegible] unwilling to [illegible] putting out his hand again. Then he said, "Why, Mike's been hurt. Look!"

Gerz bent over, watched the cat trying to stand. "He's been kicked or something. Better call a vet, Parkes."

Inspector Stanton said, "What do you make of it, Tim?"

Gerz's face was thoughtful. "Whoever killed Miss Emmy forgot how much the cat loved her. Apparently Mike tried to protect her."

Stanton shook his head. "It won't hold water, Tim."

"Well, why not?" Gerz went over, bent over Miss Emmy's body. "Yellow cat hair on her lap," he said triumphantly. He looked at Parkes, who was still watching him nervously. "You've seen me before, haven't you, Parkes?"

It was useless to lie in the face of those bright, sharp eyes. "Yes," said Parkes. "I did a stretch once—the Denton Case, ten years ago. But I swear I've gone straight ever since, Mr. Gerz. And Miss Emmy knew it." He mopped his face. "She—she liked my work and told me she'd mentioned me in her new will last week."

The room was hot. Stanton, perspiring said: "I think he's okay, Tim. Let's go out and talk this over."

"So he's okay," snapped Gerz. Nevertheless, he went out on the terrace with Stanton. There was only a faint breeze stirring, but it was welcome. Gerz looked across to the badminton court. "That badminton's a fast game," he said. "But it's too hot to play today."

"Unless you dress like Bubbles Dean," Inspector Stanton agreed. "She sure had on the briefest shorts I've ever seen. Did you notice?"

Suddenly, Gerz snapped his fingers. From inside the house, almost simultaneously, the front door bell rang. "I've got it, Stanton," he said. "It's only a hunch, but worth trying. Come on."

They went back into the library, out through the hall. There Parkes stopped them. He had a pompous individual behind him. "Henry Plummer, Miss Emmy's lawyer." The latter knew Stanton. "What's the trouble, Inspector?"

While Stanton told him, Parkes went upstairs to summon Casto Martin and his wife. Gerz went up with him.

He remained on the landing as Casto and Bubbles came down. Casto had changed into a Palm Beach suit. Alone, Gerz went into the Martin's room. His keen eyes appraised the place. Then he closed the door behind him.

When he came out ten minutes later, he found the group in the library. Plummer's face was still shocked. "I know how you feel, Casto," he was saying. "You were mighty fond of your aunt."

"Or her money," Gerz said, the remark causing Casto to whirl and cry, "What are you talking about?"

Casto spoke to Plummer. "As the family lawyer, I demand you state what my rights are." Then he stopped, his face going suddenly white. For from beneath his coat, Gerz was pulling up a pair of sports shorts. "Recognize these?"

Bubbles spoke up. "Yes, they're Casto's. He tore them on a hedge while going for a drink during the game this morning. That's why he changed into slacks."

Gerz nodded. Obviously, Bubbles knew nothing. "That might be what he told you," he said, "but actually he ran into the library and killed his aunt. He'd heard from Parkes about a new will, leaving very little to him. Right, Parkes?"

Parkes seemed puzzled. "Yes, I did mention his aunt's generosity to me, Mr. Gerz. Last week. Yes, I did." He turned to Casto. "Don't you recall, sir . . . I . . ."

"Casto—no!" Bubbles scream broke the spell. For Casto Martin was backing away, toward the French windows and the terrace that spelled escape. In his hand was a .22 automatic.

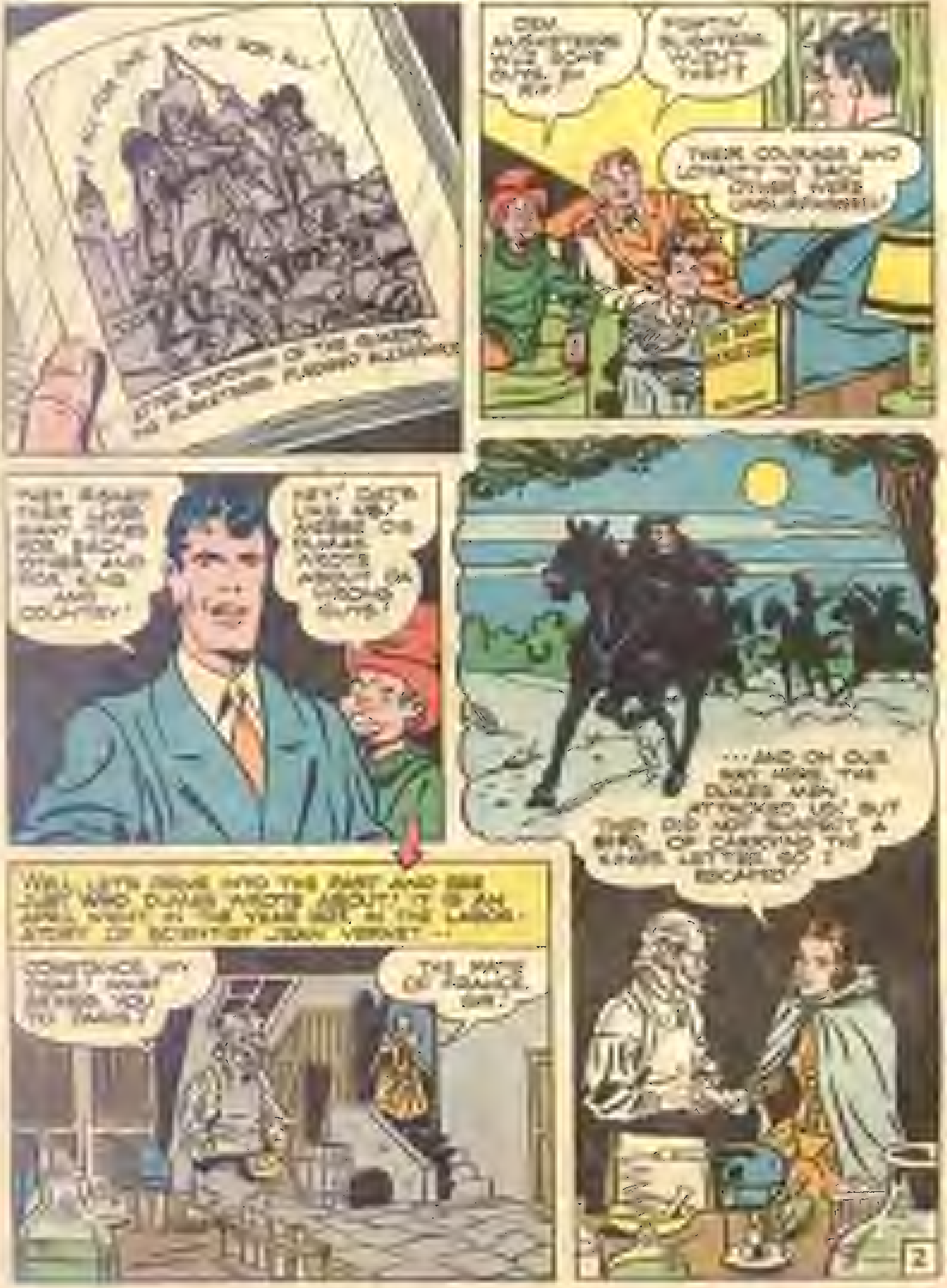
"You're pinning nothing on me," he snarled. "Don't move." He backed another step.

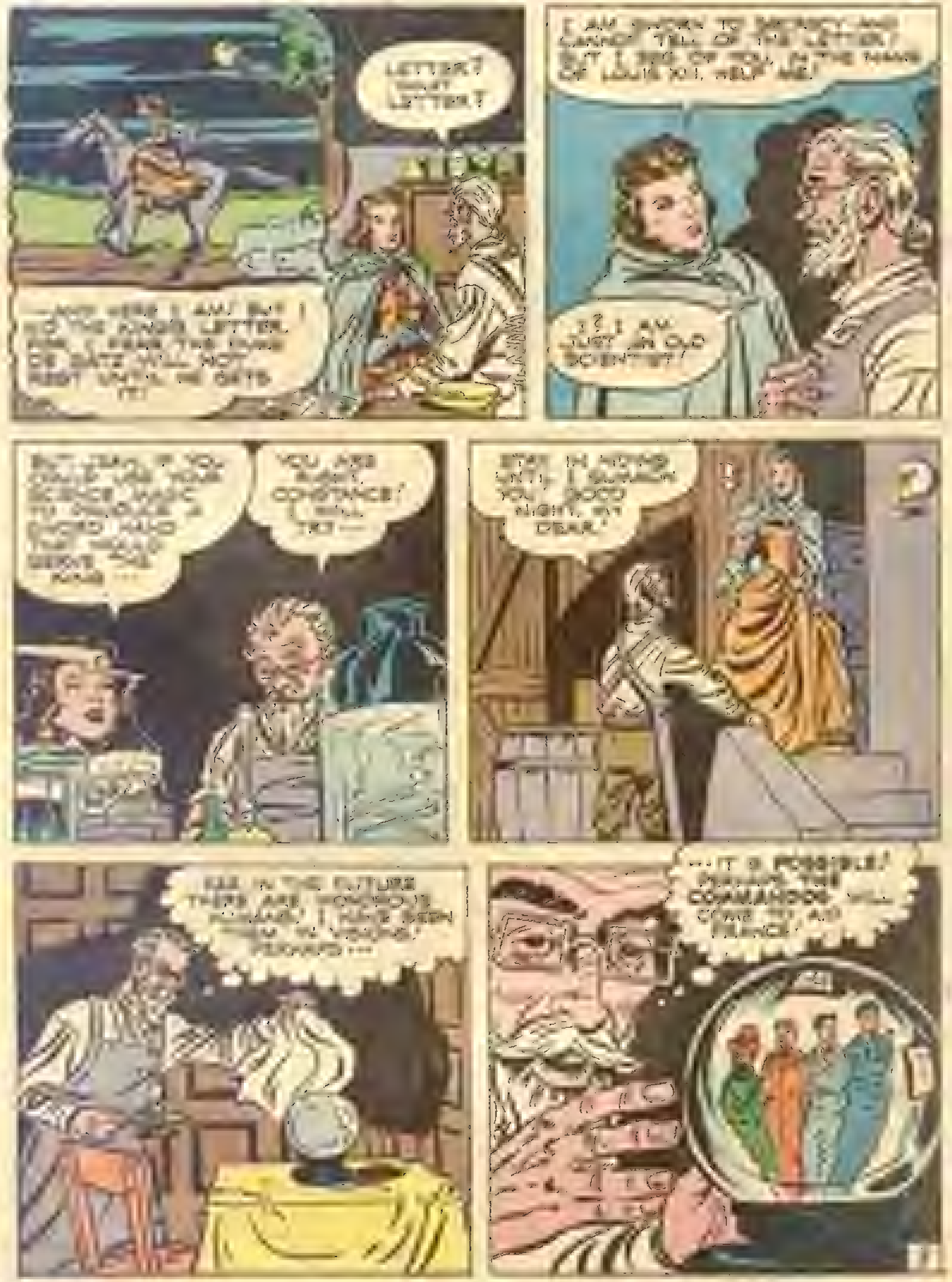
There was a snarling, hissing sound. Behind Casto, old Mike had come out from beneath a desk where Parkes had placed him. As Casto turned, startled, Gerz leaped. His first blow knocked the man cold.

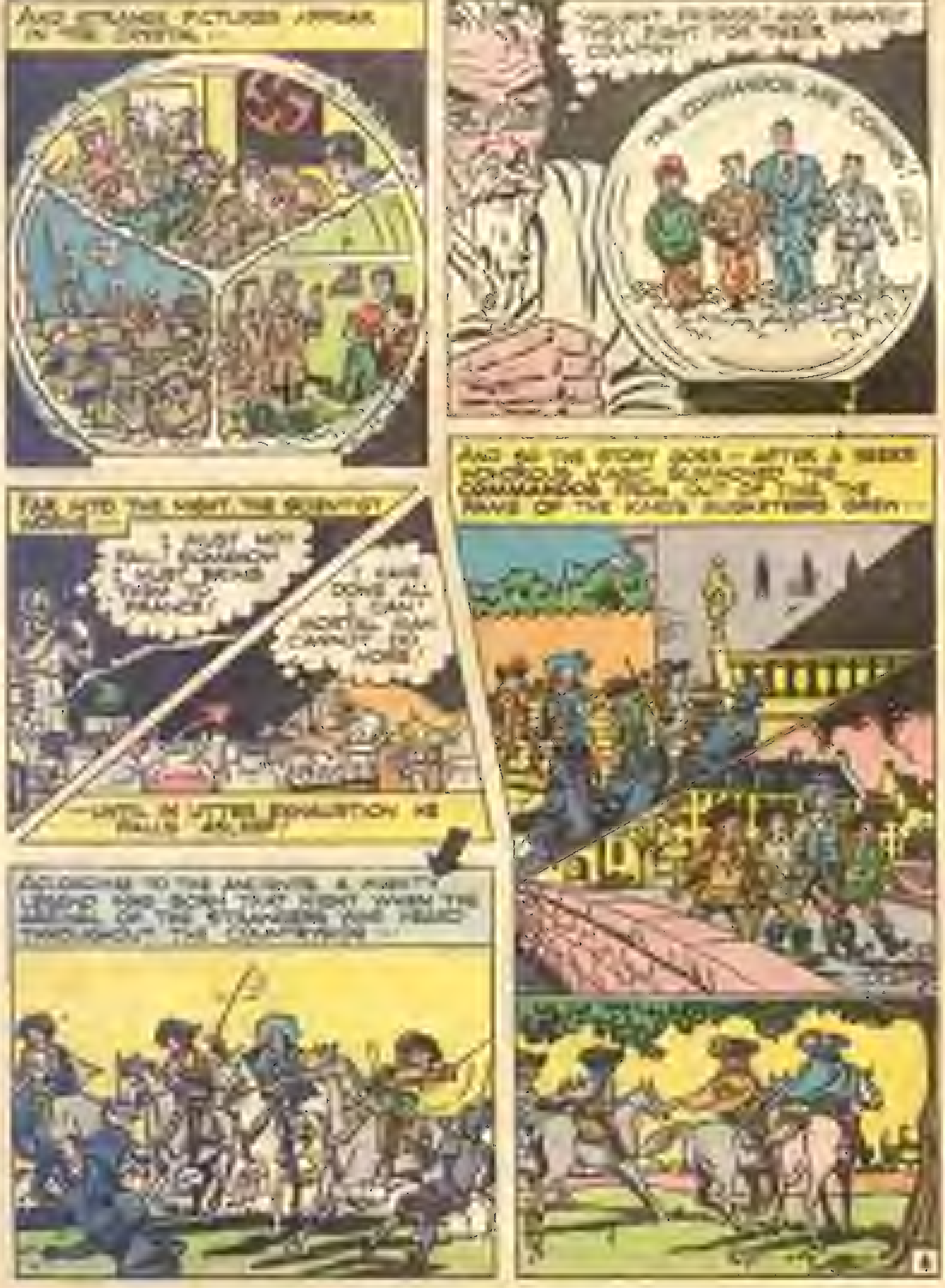
Quickly, Gerz pulled up Casto's pant leg. And there they were, livid red scratches. "He kicked Mike after the cat scratched his legs for pushing him off Miss Emmy's lap," Gerz said. "I wondered, Stanton, why Casto didn't wear shorts instead of slacks on a badminton course on a day as hot as this. That's why I went to his room to see." He shrugged. "Of course, it might have come out later, anyway. Somebody would have talked."

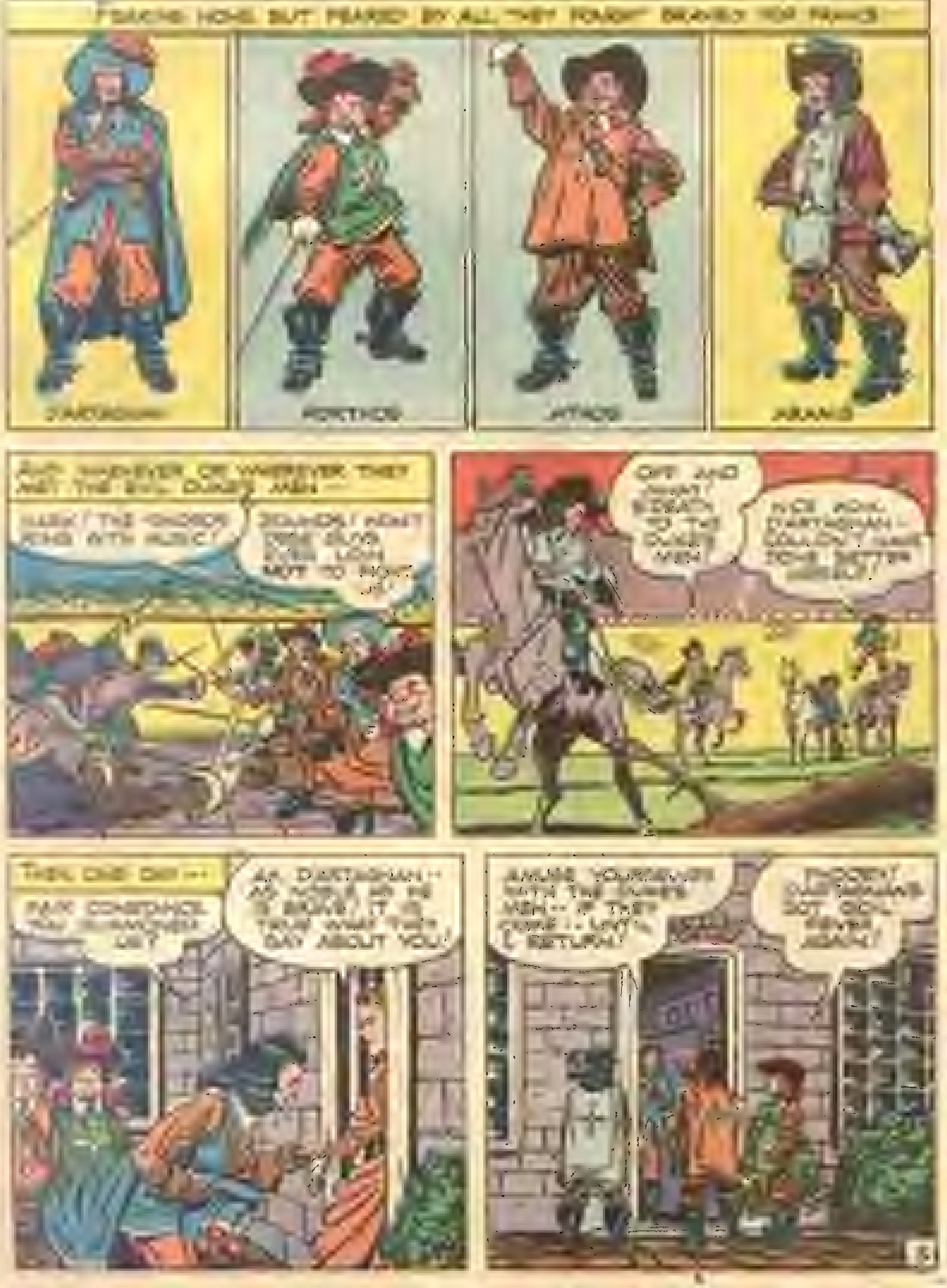
Stanton smiled. "Somebody did, Tim," he said indulgently, "Mike. He's a talking cat, you know."

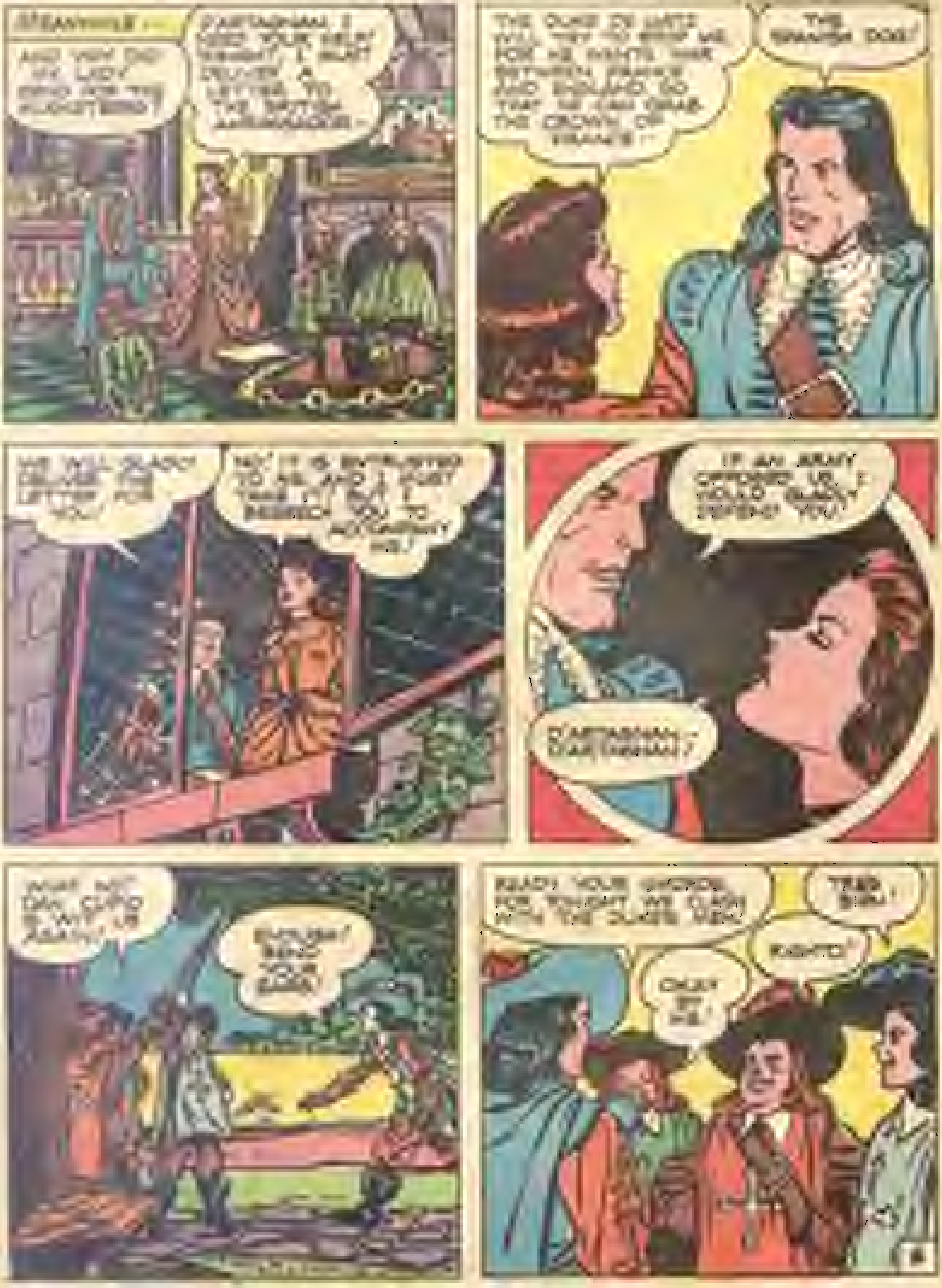
The
BOY COMMANDOS
"Four Swords For A King"
WHERE DOES HISTORY END -- AND FICTION BEGIN? WHO IN REALITY WERE THE THREE MUSKETEERS AND D'ARTAGNAN, WHOSE RATTLING SWORDS AND MERRY LAUGHTER STILL RING THROUGH THE PAGES OF HISTORY --- AND WERE FOREVER IMMORTALIZED BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS? ... WHO KNOWS BUT WHAT THE STORY DIDN'T GO SOMETHING LIKE THIS ...

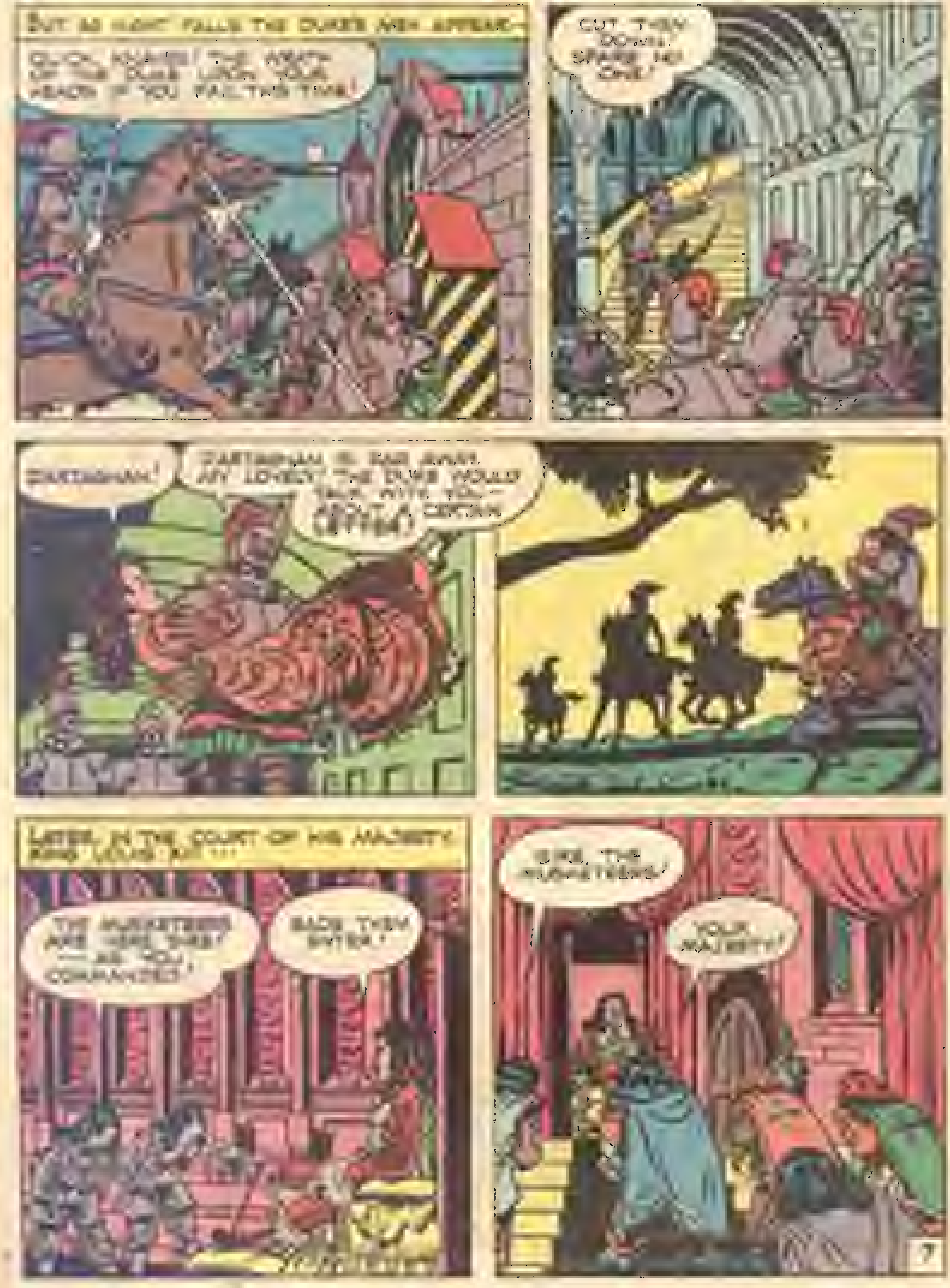

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL!
[illegible] THE EXPLOITS OF THE GALLANT [illegible] MUSKETEERS, FLASHING [illegible]
DEM MUSKETEERS WUZ SOME GUYS, EH RIP?
FIGHTIN' MUSKETEERS, WEREN'T THEY?
THEIR COURAGE AND LOYALTY TO EACH OTHER WERE UNSURPASSED!
THEY RISKED THEIR LIVES [illegible] FOR EACH OTHER AND FOR KING AND COUNTRY!
HEY! DAT'S LIKE ME! [illegible] DUMAS WROTE ABOUT A "GOOD" GUY!
WELL, LET'S DELVE INTO THE PAST AND SEE JUST WHO DUMAS WROTE ABOUT! IT IS AN APRIL NIGHT IN THE YEAR 1625, IN THE LABORATORY OF SCIENTIST JEAN VERNET --
CONSTANCE, MY CHILD! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO PARIS?
THE FATE OF FRANCE, SIRE!
...AND ON OUR WAY HERE, THE DUKE'S MEN ATTACKED US! BUT THEY DID NOT SUSPECT A GIRL OF CARRYING THE SECRET LETTER, SO I ESCAPED!

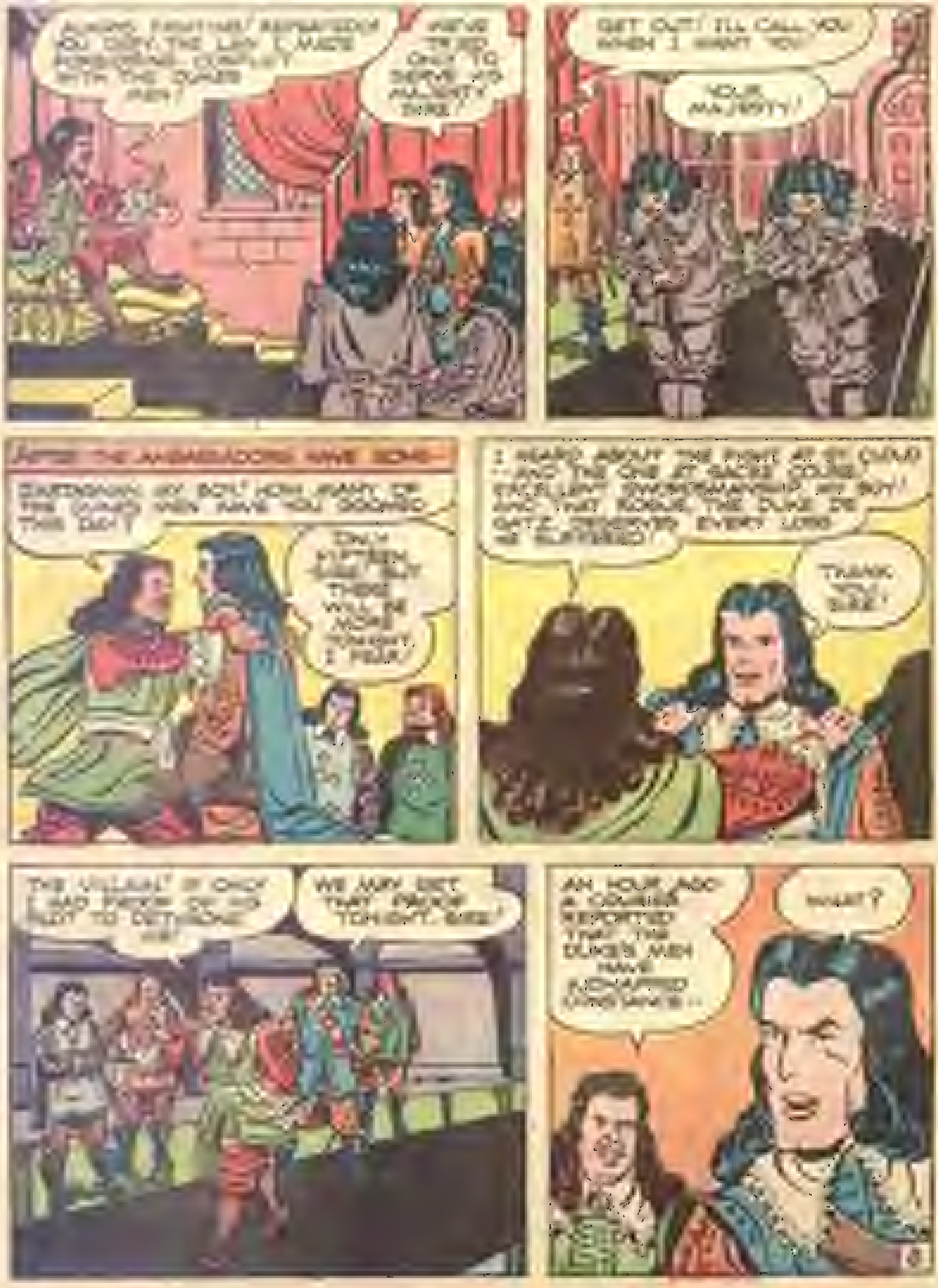

LETTER? WHAT LETTER?
...AND HERE I AM! BUT I HAVE THE KING'S LETTER, AND I FEAR THE DUKE DE BATE WILL NOT REST UNTIL HE GETS IT!
I AM SWORN TO SECRECY AND CANNOT TELL OF THE LETTER! BUT I BEG OF YOU, IN THE NAME OF LOUIS XIII, HELP ME!
I? I AM JUST AN OLD SCIENTIST!
BUT SIRE, IF YOU COULD USE YOUR SCIENCE MAGIC TO PRODUCE A SWORD HAND THAT WOULD SERVE THE KING...
YOU ARE BRAVE, CONSTANCE! I WILL TRY--
STAY IN HIDING UNTIL I SUMMON YOU! GOOD NIGHT, MY DEAR!
YES, IN THE FUTURE THERE ARE WONDROUS PERSONS! I HAVE SEEN THEM IN VISIONS! PERHAPS...
...IT IS POSSIBLE! PERHAPS THE COMMANDOS WILL COME TO AID FRANCE!

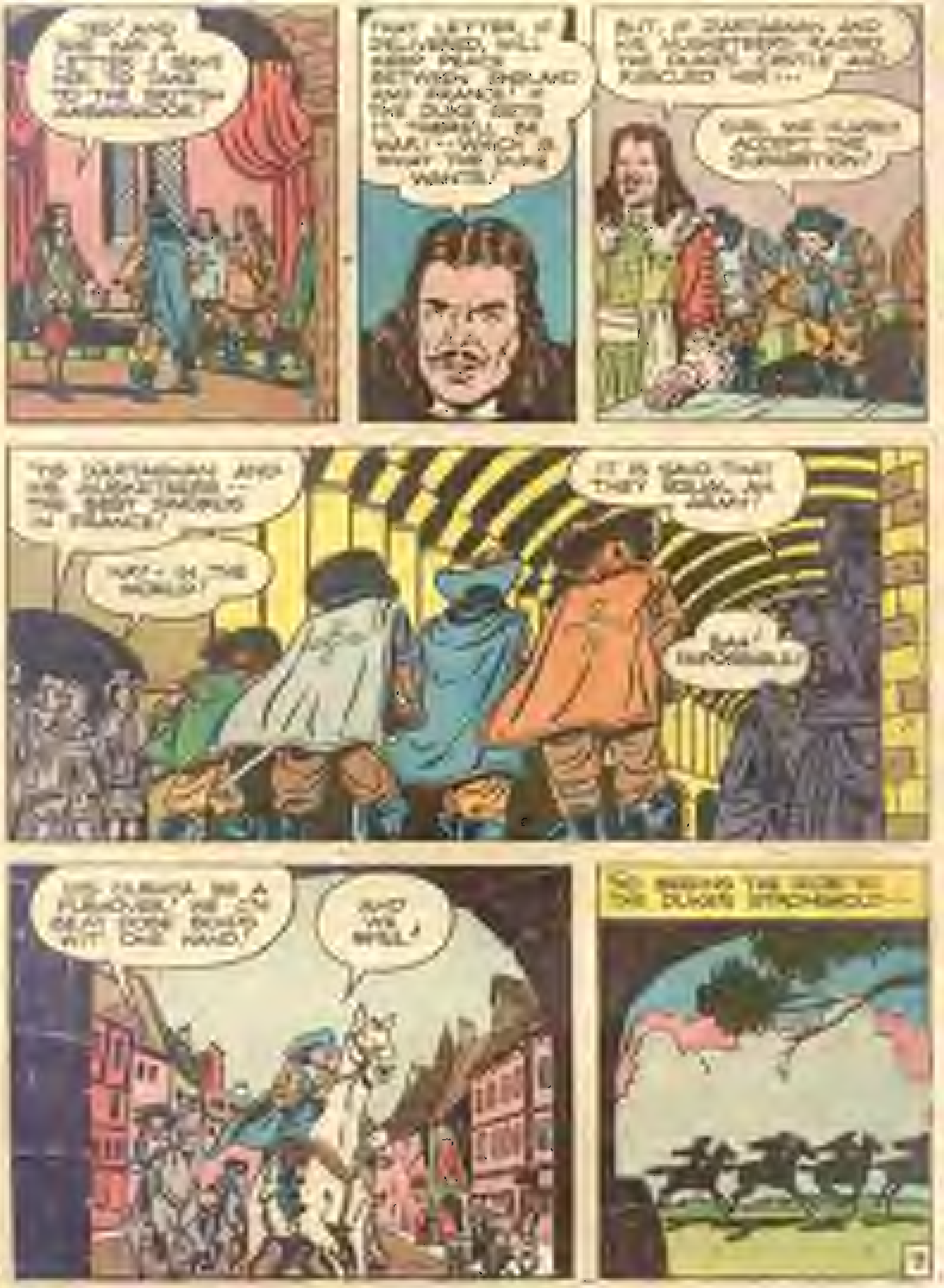

AND STRANGE PICTURES APPEAR IN THE CRYSTAL!--
"VALIANT FRIENDS! AND BRAVE! THEY FIGHT FOR THEIR COUNTRY"
THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!
FAR INTO THE NIGHT, THE SCIENTIST WORKS--
I MUST WIN! THE COMMANDOS! I MUST BRING THEM TO FRANCE!
I HAVE DONE ALL I CAN! MORTAL MAN CANNOT DO MORE!
--UNTIL IN UTTER EXHAUSTION HE FALLS ASLEEP!
AND AS THE STORY GOES -- AFTER A WEIRD WIZARD'S MAGIC SUMMONED THE COMMANDOS FROM OUT OF TIME, THE RANKS OF THE KING'S MUSKETEERS GREW--
ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENTS, A MIGHTY LEGEND WAS BORN THAT NIGHT WHEN THE LEGEND OF THE STRANGERS WAS HEARD THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRYSIDE--

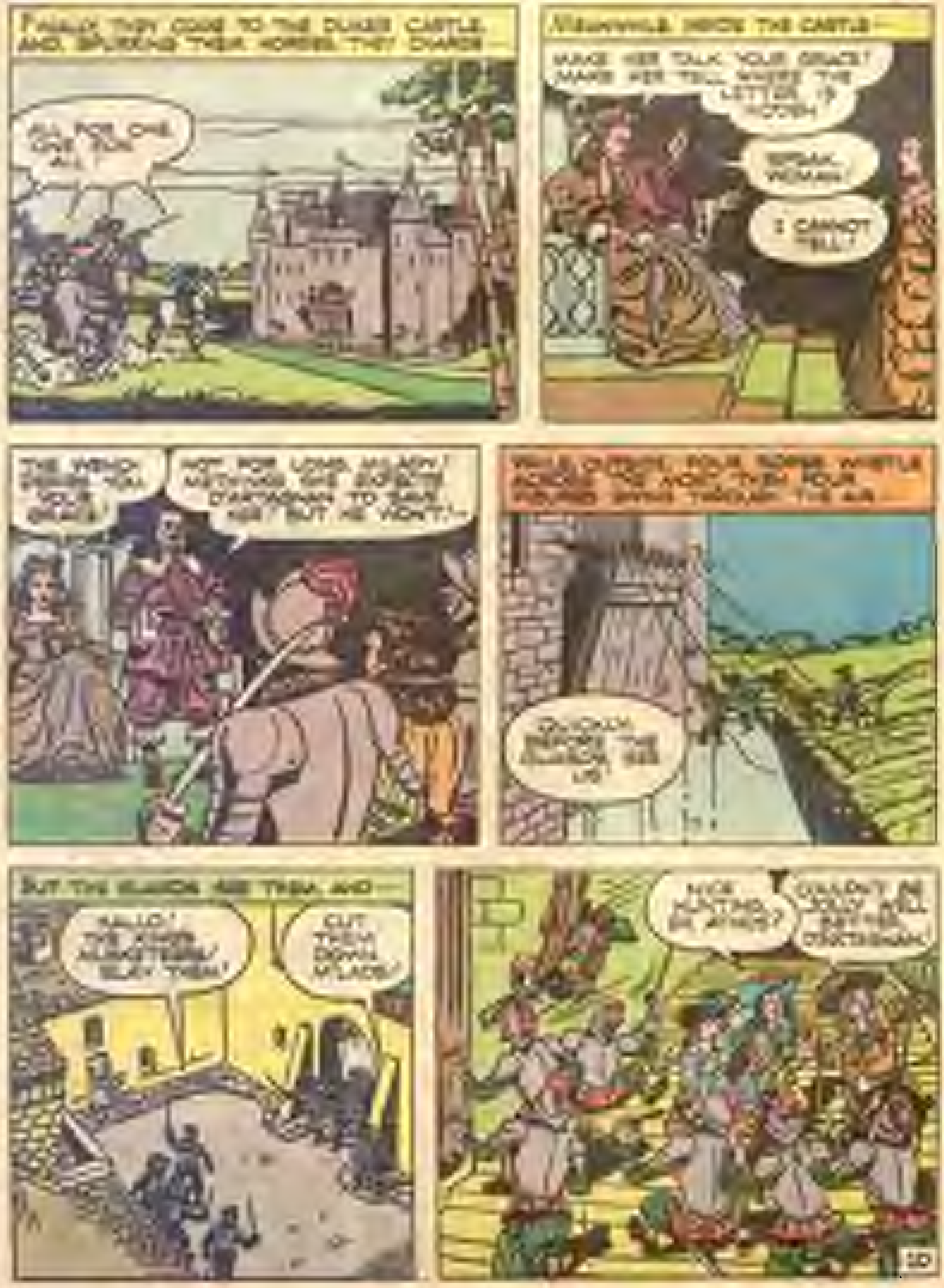

FEARING NONE BUT FEARED BY ALL, THEY FOUGHT BRAVELY FOR FRANCE—
D'ARTAGNAN
PORTHOS
ATHOS
ARAMIS
AND WHENEVER OR WHEREVER THEY MET THE EVIL DUKE'S MEN—
HARK! THE GASCON RINGS WITH MUSIC!
ZOUNDS! WON'T THESE FOOLS EVER LEARN NOT TO FIGHT US?
OFF AND AWAY! DEATH TO THE DUKE'S MEN!
NICE WORK, D'ARTAGNAN— COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!
THEN ONE DAY—
FAIR CONSTANCE, YOU SUMMONED ME?
AH, D'ARTAGNAN— AS NOBLE AS HE IS BRAVE! IT IS TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT YOU!
AMUSE YOURSELVES WITH THE DUKE'S MEN— IF THEY COME— UNTIL I RETURN!
FOOEY! D'ARTAGNAN'S GOT GIRL FEVER AGAIN!

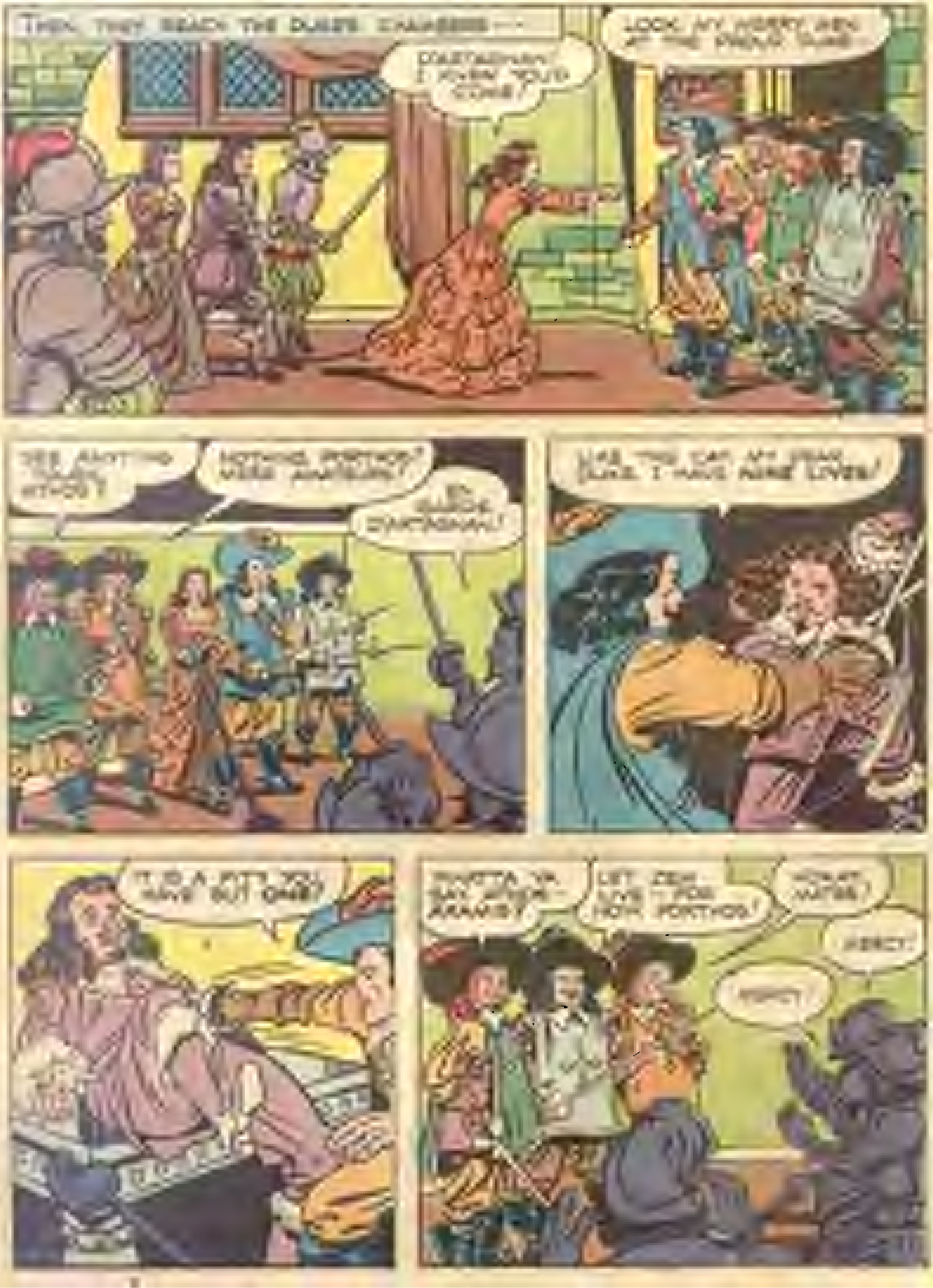

MEANWHILE...
AND WHY DID MY LADY SEND FOR THE MUSKETEERS?
D'ARTAGNAN, I NEED YOUR HELP! TONIGHT I MUST DELIVER A LETTER TO THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR --
THE DUKE DE [illegible] WILL TRY TO STOP ME, FOR HE WANTS WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND SO THAT HE CAN GRAB THE CROWN OF FRANCE!
THE SPANISH DOG!
WE WILL GLADLY DELIVER THE LETTER FOR YOU!
NO! IT IS ENTRUSTED TO ME AND I MUST TAKE IT! BUT I BESEECH YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME!
IF AN ARMY OPPOSED US, I WOULD GLADLY DEFEND YOU!
D'ARTAGNAN -- D'ARTAGNAN!
WHAT HO! DAN CUPID [illegible] US AGAIN!
[illegible] BEND YOUR EARS!
READY YOUR SWORDS, FOR TONIGHT WE CLASH WITH THE DUKE'S MEN!
YES, SIR!
RIGHTO!
COUNT ON ME!
6

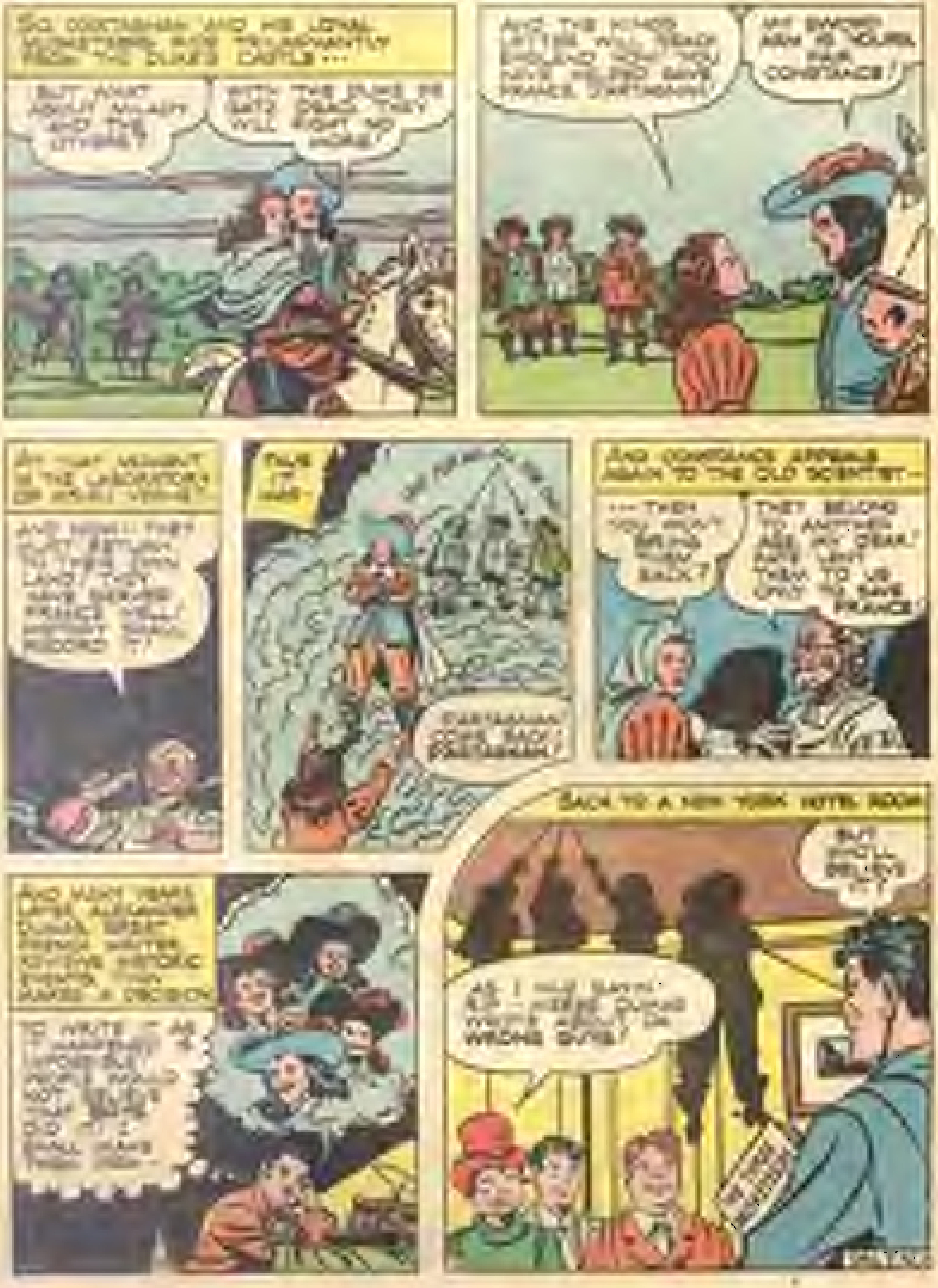

BUT AS NIGHT FALLS THE DUKE'S MEN APPEAR—
QUICK, KNAVES! THE WRATH OF THE DUKE UPON YOUR HEADS IF YOU FAIL THIS TIME!
CUT THEM DOWN! SPARE NO ONE!
D'ARTAGNAN!
D'ARTAGNAN IS FAR AWAY, MY LOVELY! THE DUKE WOULD TALK WITH YOU— ABOUT A CERTAIN LETTER!
LATER, IN THE COURT OF HIS MAJESTY KING LOUIS XIII . . .
THE MUSKETEERS ARE HERE, SIRE! —AS YOU COMMANDED!
BADE THEM ENTER!
SIRE, THE MUSKETEERS!
YOUR MAJESTY!
7


ALWAYS FIGHTING! [illegible] YOU DEFY THE LAW I MADE FORBIDDING CONFLICT WITH THE DUKE'S MEN!
WE'VE TRIED ONLY TO SERVE HIS MAJESTY, SIRE!
GET OUT! I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I WANT YOU!
YOUR MAJESTY!
AFTER THE AMBASSADORS HAVE GONE--
D'ARTAGNAN, MY BOY! HOW MANY OF THE DUKE'S MEN HAVE YOU DOWNED THIS DAY?
ONLY FIFTEEN, SIRE! BUT THERE WILL BE MORE TONIGHT, I FEAR!
I HEARD ABOUT THE FIGHT AT ST. CLOUD --AND THE ONE AT [illegible]! EXCELLENT SWORDSMANSHIP, MY BOY! AND THAT ROGUE, THE DUKE DE [illegible], DESERVED EVERY LOSS HE SUFFERED!
THANK YOU, SIRE!
THE VILLAIN! IF ONLY I HAD PROOF OF HIS PLOT TO DETHRONE ME!
WE MAY GET THAT PROOF TONIGHT, SIRE!
AN HOUR AGO A COURIER REPORTED THAT THE DUKE'S MEN HAVE KIDNAPPED CONSTANCE...
WHAT?
6


YES! AND SHE HAS A LETTER I SENT HER TO TAKE TO THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR!
THAT LETTER, IF DELIVERED, WILL KEEP PEACE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE! IF THE DUKE GETS IT, [illegible] IN WAR -- WHICH IS WHAT THE DUKE WANTS!
BUT, IF D'ARTAGNAN AND HIS MUSKETEERS RAIDED THE DUKE'S CASTLE AND RESCUED HER...
SIRE, WE GLADLY ACCEPT THE SUGGESTION!
"TO D'ARTAGNAN AND HIS MUSKETEERS -- THE BEST SWORDS IN FRANCE!
NAY -- IN THE WORLD!
IT IS SAID THAT THEY EQUAL AN ARMY!
BAH! IMPOSSIBLE!
[illegible] BE A PUSHOVER! WE CAN BEAT [illegible] WITH ONE HAND!
AND WE WILL!
SO, [illegible] THE [illegible] TO THE DUKE'S STRONGHOLD--
3


FINALLY THEY COME TO THE DUKE'S CASTLE, AND, SPURRING THEIR HORSES, THEY CHARGE—
ALL FOR ONE, ONE FOR ALL!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE CASTLE—
MAKE HER TALK, YOUR GRACE! MAKE HER TELL WHERE THE LETTER IS HIDDEN!
SPEAK, WOMAN!
I CANNOT TELL!
THE WENCH DEFIES YOU, YOUR GRACE!
NOT FOR LONG, MILADY! METHINKS SHE EXPECTS D'ARTAGNAN TO SAVE HER! BUT HE WON'T!—
WHILE OUTSIDE, FOUR ROPES WHISTLE ACROSS THE MOAT, THEN FOUR FIGURES SWING THROUGH THE AIR
QUICKLY, BEFORE THE GUARDS SEE US!
BUT THE GUARDS SEE THEM AND—
HALLO! THE ENEMY ATTACKS! SLAY THEM!
CUT THEM DOWN, M'LADS!
NICE HUNTING, EH, ATHOS?
COULDN'T BE JOLLY WELL BETTER, D'ARTAGNAN!


THEN THEY REACH THE DUKE'S CHAMBERS---
D'ARTAGNAN! I KNEW YOU'D COME!
LOOK, MY MERRY MEN AT THE PRETTY DUKE
IS ANYTHING WRONG, ATHOS?
NOTHING, PORTHOS! WHERE'S D'ARTAGNAN?
EN GARDE, D'ARTAGNAN!
LIKE THE CAT, MY DEAR DUKE, I HAVE NINE LIVES!
IT IS A PITY YOU HAVE BUT ONE!
WHATTA YA SAY, BROTHER ARAMIS?
LET DEM LIVE -- FOR NOW, PORTHOS!
MERCY!
MERCY!


SO D'ARTAGNAN AND HIS LOYAL MUSKETEERS RIDE TRIUMPHANTLY FROM THE DUKE'S CASTLE...
BUT WHAT ABOUT MILADY AND THE OTHERS?
WITH THE DUKE [illegible] DEAD, THEY WILL FIGHT NO MORE!
AND THE KING'S LETTER WILL TEACH ENGLAND HOW YOU HAVE HELPED SAVE FRANCE, D'ARTAGNAN!
MY SWORD ARM IS YOURS, DEAR CONSTANCE!
AT THAT MOMENT IN THE LABORATORY OF [illegible]
AND NOW!.. THEY MUST RETURN TO THEIR OWN LAND! THEY HAVE SAVED FRANCE WELL! HISTORY SHALL RECORD IT!
THUS IT WAS—
D'ARTAGNAN! COME BACK, D'ARTAGNAN!
AND CONSTANCE APPEALS AGAIN TO THE OLD SCIENTIST—
...THEN YOU WON'T BRING THEM BACK?
THEY BELONG TO ANOTHER AGE, MY DEAR! FATE SENT THEM TO US ONLY TO SAVE FRANCE!
BACK TO A NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM
BUT WHO'LL BELIEVE IT?
AND MANY YEARS LATER, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, GREAT FRENCH WRITER, REVIEWS HISTORIC EVENTS, THEN MAKES A DECISION
TO WRITE IT AS IT HAPPENED? NOBODY WOULD [illegible]
AS I HAVE SAID! [illegible] DUMAS WROTE ABOUT THE WRONG GUYS!
THE END

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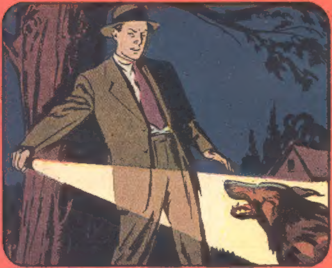
PAGE

2,5

How to Outbluff a VICIOUS DOG at night!

. . . as recommended by Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker, Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog trainer and judge at dog shows . . . and wartime head of U. S. Coast Guard War Dog Training.

1 The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog *may* turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at *night!* If cornered—



2 Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however; so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important . . .

3 Keep still. Don't move. Don't run—it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won—he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

4 For *bright* light, *white* light, *effective* light—insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals—that's why they're the world's *largest-selling* flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you *nothing* extra!

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